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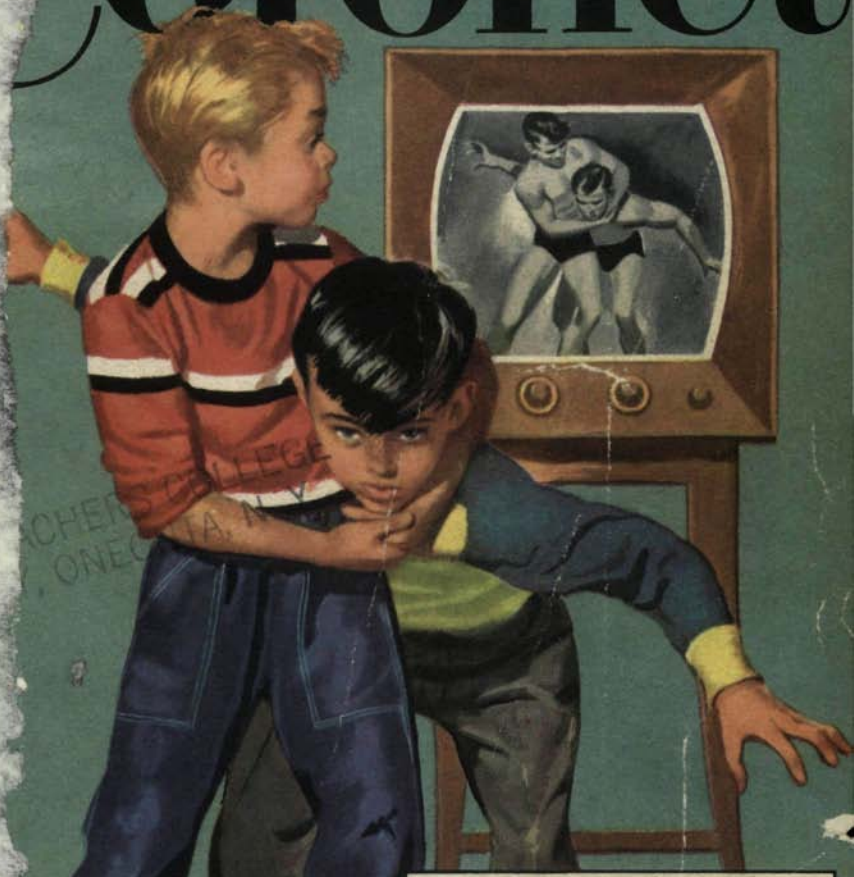

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Contents for February, 1951

VOL. 29, NO. 4, WHOLE NO. 172

Articles

The American Story of John Stotzer . . . . FRANK SIEDEL 21
Sleeping Pills: Doorway to Doom . . . . . WILLIAM ENGLE 25
The F.B.I. Agent Who Cannot Quit . . . . CAROL HUGHES 29
Our Navy Is Ready for Red Submarines 34
F.D.R.'s Recipe for Success . . . . . JANE WEST WALTON 38
Fabre: The Explorer Who Stayed Home
EDWIN WAY TEALE 40
Black Ghost of the Jungle . . . . . EDISON MARSHALL 54
Want to Live in Florida? . . . . . A. LOWELL HUNT 58
The Radio Drama of V-J Day . . . . . MORTON SONTHEIMER 66
How Wild Are Small-town Girls? . RALPH H. MAJOR, JR. 85
Blades of Terror . . . . . RUTH ROMAN 90
When Lady Asquith Met Her Match . FREDERICK MARION 92
The Weaver of the Mountains . . . . GERTRUDE ANDERSON 94
Biggest Business Boss . . . . . CLIVE HOWARD 98
The Mystery of the Vanished Judge . . . . . HENRY LEE 104
Indianapolis Finds a Cure for Slums . . . . J. P. FOLINSBEE 125
My Brother Groucho . . . . . HARPO MARX 130
Crusaders Against Fear . . . . . ANN FIELDS 136
Father Was a Saint . . . . . EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN 142
The March of Medicine . . . . . JOHN L. SPRINGER 150
What Do We Know? . . . . . ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE 154
How About Your Children and the Family Car?
WILLIAM LAAS 156

Pictorial Features

Coronet Quick Tricks . . . . . FUN FOR THE FAMILY 6
Gold Rush . . . . . A CAMERA CLOSE-UP 8
Portrait of a Lady . . . . . ANIMAL VIGNETTE 10
Coronet Recommends . . . . . MOVIES OF THE MONTH 12
Coronet's Family Shopper . . . . . NEWEST THINGS TO BUY 14
Masters of Music . . . . . ART FEATURE IN COLOR 45
Tops in TV . . . . . A PICTURE STORY 69
Camera on the World . . . . . PICTURE REPORTS 109

Departments

Capital Nonsense . . . . . WITTICISMS 33
Our Human Comedy . . . . . LAUGHS FROM LIFE 64
Grin and Share It . . . . . HUMOR FOR EVERYONE 102
By George, It's Tom! . . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 129
The Best in Books . . . . . BRIEF REVIEWS 140

Cover

Hold It! . . . . . HOWARD FORSBERG

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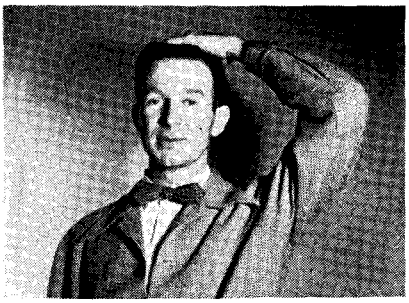
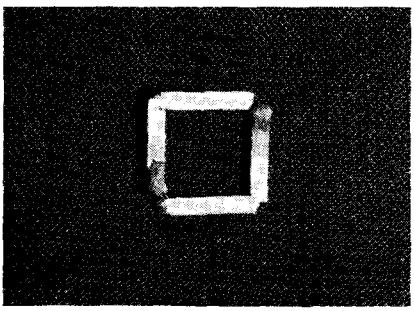
Coronet Quick Tricks



THE TRICK: To take a hard-boiled egg from boiling water, rinse in cold water, and hold longer than the next person.

HOW TO DO IT: You hold it first. The outside will remain cool a few seconds, but by the time the next person takes it, inside heat will be too hot to handle.



THE TRICK: To tear in two a paper napkin which has been twisted into a small rope.

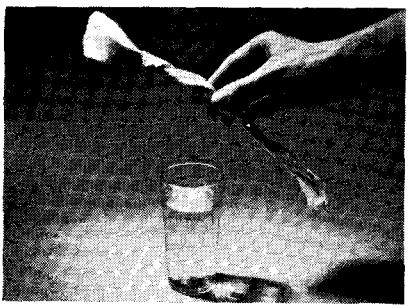
HOW TO DO IT: Merely keep dipping your fingers in water as you twist the center of the napkin tighter, then pull the ends and the napkin will tear apart.

THE TRICK: To hold your hand on your head and keep it there against the efforts of a friend to pull it away.

HOW TO DO IT: Just hold your hand firmly in place. The laws of leverage make it almost impossible for anyone to pull it off even with both hands.

THE TRICK: To form a square out of two book matches without breaking or cutting either apart.

HOW TO DO IT: Just bend each match into a right angle, without breaking it, then place two right-angled matches together in the form of a square.



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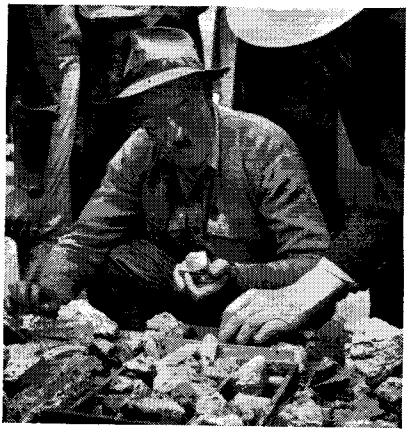
A real chuck wagon followed 1,300 amateur panners into the hills last year.

Gold-bearing ore was put in the artificial stream that flowed from a spigot.



Ore samples furnished the vacation-time prospectors with clues about their take.

The hills once yielded $100,000,000 in gold. Now only tiny particles remain.

GOLD RUSH

OLD-TIMERS IN Arizona who remembered when prospectors took fortunes in gold out of the Wickenburg hills must have gasped on Gold Rush Day, 1948. Tourists were panning for fun!

Lured into the hills by the promise of gold, dude ranchers diligently panned in the pump-driven water—rarer than gold in the Arizona hills. Happily they chortled over their take—nuggets no bigger than pinheads. And so successful was the venture that Gold Rush Day has become a regular activity in tourist-conscious Wickenburg.

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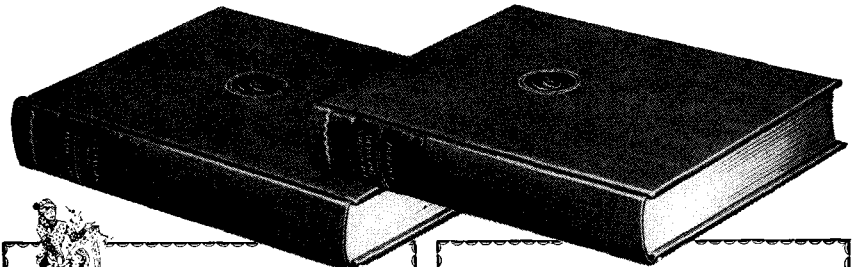

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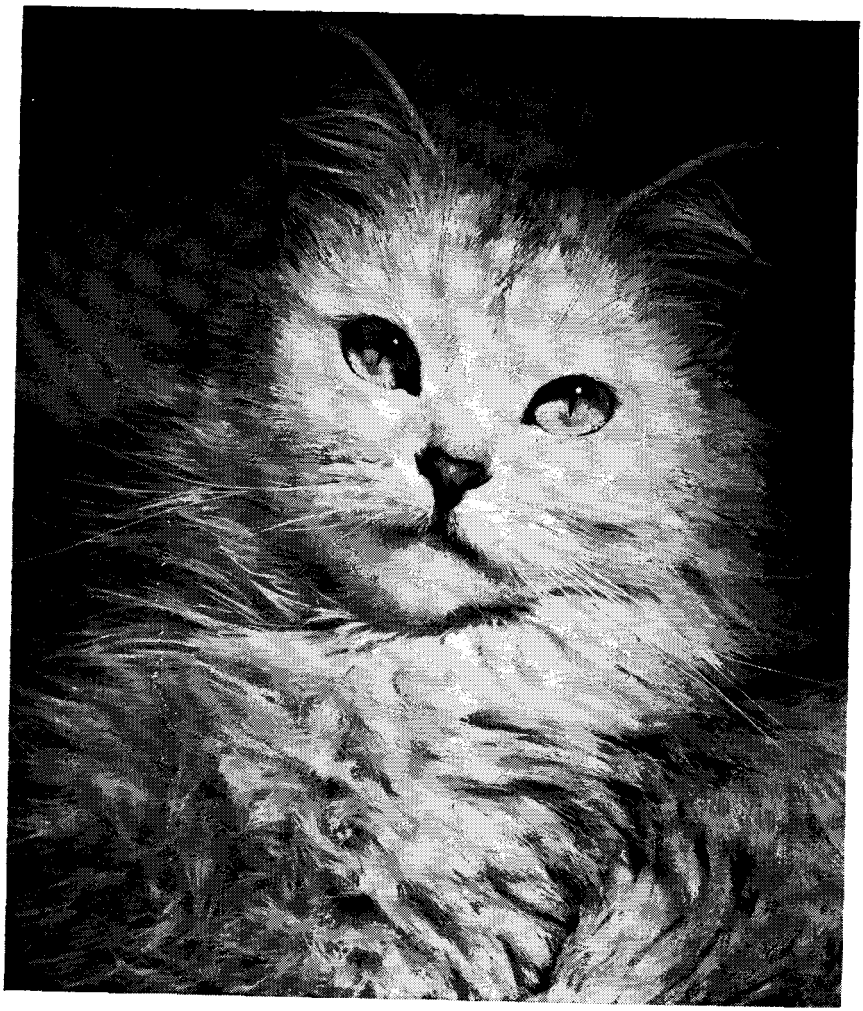

Portrait of a Lady

A PAIR OF even-ovaled eyes to mirror the perceptive depth of an ever-changing mind; a pert nose to accent the beauty of creation's vanity; a delicate mouth, caught between a coquettish smile and a defiant firmness; a small chin, reticent and timid, yet begging to be noticed; a slender throat waiting to be caressed, aristocratically gentle in its soft warmth, and another lovely lady has been captured by the camera for the world to admire.

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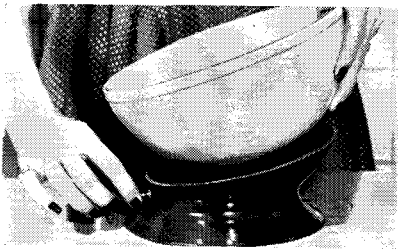

BOTH HANDS are free to measure and mix when you use this generous-size heatproof bowl held firmly at any angle in a suction-cup base. "Grip Tite." $3.95*. Lewis and Conger, NYC 19.

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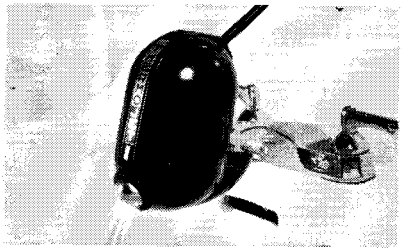

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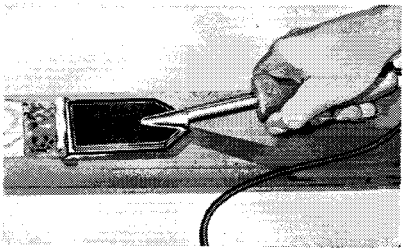

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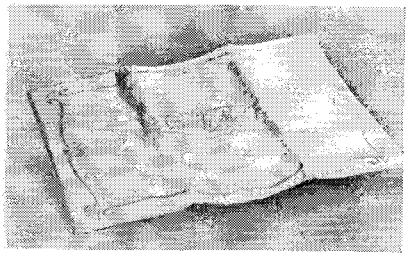

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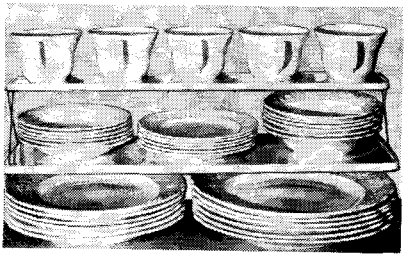

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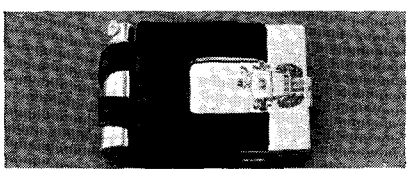
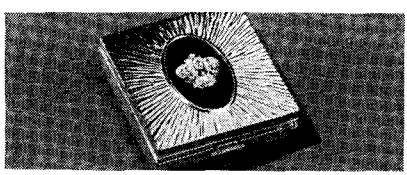
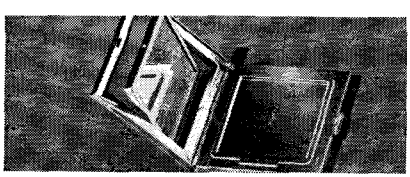
"Glitter" by Elgin American. $30. Best and Co., Fifth Ave. at 51st St., NYC 22.



"Handsome Cab" by Paul Flato. $12*. Julius Garfinckel, Washington 4, D. C.



"Crown" by Evans. $15. Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



"Turnabout" by Volupté. $5.98*. G. Fox and Co., Hartford, Connecticut.

SHE'LL KNOW THE ANSWER to the old riddle, "Mirror, mirror in my hand, who's the fairest in the land?" if you give your Valentine one of these glamorous compacts. Your gift will say unmistakably, "You are." There's "Glitter," sparkling with rhinestones on silver-colored metal, and encased in black satin lined with white silk.

A coachman's hat tops the lipstick of "Handsome Cab" which slips into blue or red satin. Simulated sapphires and rubies wink in the window of the carriage and glow in the traditional lamps on each side. The wheels are reflected in the top of the compact, making even the cleverest Valentine think they go round and round.

Aristocratic "Crown" is a rhodium-plated square resembling tightly drawn silk. The center is a rhinestone crown on a deep blue oval. "Turnabout's" mirror tilts to any angle, and forms the top of the case for easy make-up repairs without opening the compact. In gold-colored metal, it's simple and luxurious. Prices include Federal tax.

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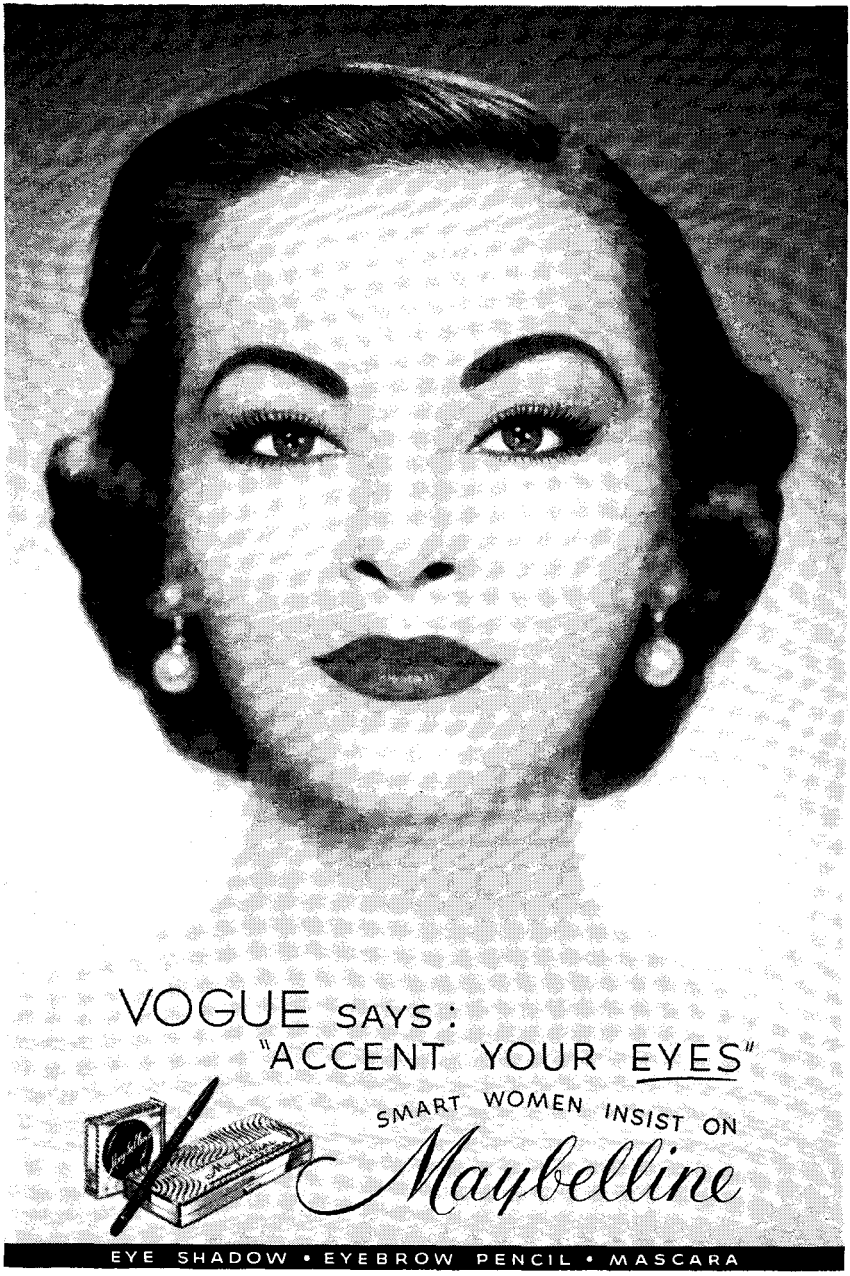

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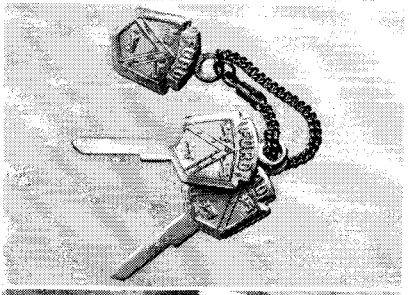

THE KEY TO A man's heart is something new for his car. So, for Valentine's Day or any day, here are non-tarnishing ignition and trunk keys with the crest of his own car at the top. The useful key chain, too, is crested. Specify make and date of automobile. Two key blanks, $3.50. Chain, $2. Zenith Gifts, P.O. Box 238, GPO, NYC 1.

METAL INITIALS on men's leather gloves are new and useful, too. They act as fasteners for the French cuffs of these wool-lined goatskin gloves. The personalized touch is a bonus added to utilitarian warmth and styling. The gloves are a versatile Cordovan in color to go with any winter topcoat. $6.12. Stern Bros., New York 18, N. Y.

THIS THREE-LINE block-lettering embosser puts your name and address on stationery, wrapping paper, or labels. Just press down, and there it is neatly raised, good-looking and readable. A separate embosser is necessary for envelopes. Specify how you plan to use it, and print name and address clearly. $4.35. Roovers, 41 Park Row, NYC 7.

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MODEL 37K36 with *Seventeen inch screen*

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PROOF! Each star indicates an amount* adequate for perfect, balanced nutrition. These amounts have been established after years of research by Swift's scientists and proven beyond doubt by feeding tests on generations of dogs.

	Protein	Vitamins (B Complex)	Calories	Minerals	SCORE ★★★★
PARD	★	★	★	★	★
Dog Food A	B. P. S.	B. P. S.	★	B. P. S.	★★
Dog Food B	★	B. P. S.	★	B. P. S.	★★
Dog Food C	★	B. P. S.	★	B. P. S.	★
Dog Food D	B. P. S.	B. P. S.	★	B. P. S.	

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**Detailed findings on file at Swift & Co. Basic determinations conducted for Swift by the Laboratory of Vitamin Technology, an independent organization.*

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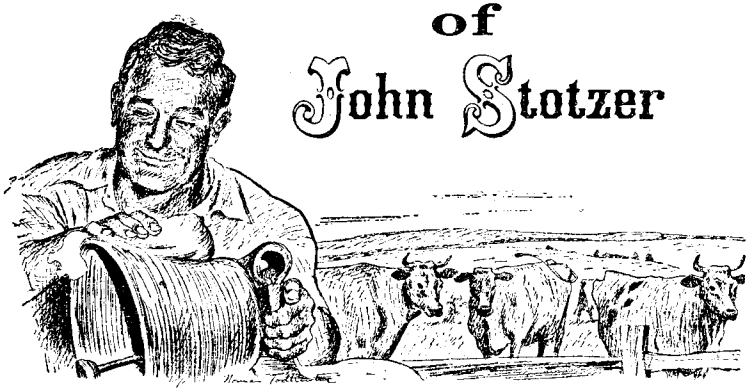
Vol. 29, No. 4 February, 1951

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

The American Story of John Stotzer



by FRANK SIEDEL

JOHN STOTZER, as any city editor will tell you, is not news. He is just a plain, honest man who has faith in God and in the American ideal. And yet, when a Geneva radio commentator recently summarized the work of prominent Swiss in America, he concluded with this statement:

"The man who has done more than any other to win the respect of America for the Swiss people is John Stotzer, whose Alpine View Farm in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, is a miracle created by amazing courage, ingenuity, and strength."

John Stotzer came to America from his native Switzerland when he was 17. He had no money, couldn't speak the language, and had only one friend, a farmer in Hartville, Ohio.

In Hartville, everybody raises celery. A man who is willing to do the back-breaking work can usually find a job, so John went to work in the celery bogs. The pay wasn't much—less than a dollar for a 14-hour day—but John saved his money and after two years had accumulated enough capital to start out for himself. He rented a piece of muck, as celery land is called, and went into the business.

He had hoped to make enough money for a down payment on a farm, but after another two years passed, all he had was a team of horses and a few pieces of farm machinery. One night he stopped

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at the home of a friend, Will Schneiter, who owned 50 acres that were being unsuccessfully worked by a shiftless tenant farmer.

"Why don't you take it, John?" said Schneiter. "All I need is the interest. What you make over that amount can be yours."

"I have already a plow, Will, a harrow, and my horses," John said eagerly. "The interest I can pay in advance. I have $400 saved."

"You don't pay until the money falls due. You will need some things for the house. Then maybe a couple of calves for the beginning."

John moved his few belongings onto the farm, bought a bed, a bureau, and a kitchen table, and invested the rest of his savings in fertilizer and machines for putting in crops, which were celery and onions. The first year there were enough profits to pay a little on the principal and to buy a pair of Holstein calves.

A few years later, the farm was a prosperous business. About that time, there was word of a young woman who had come over from Switzerland with news from the Stotzers back home. Soon, John and Mary fell in love.

It wasn't a big wedding, but to John and Mary Stotzer there had never been a finer one. For the wedding trip, they went back to the farm and made wonderful plans. Before long, they bought 80 acres of adjoining land and added eight pure-bred Holsteins to their herd.

WORLD WAR I sent farm prices skyrocketing. The Stotzers prospered mightily, and by 1920 it began to look as though they were set for life. There were five children. The farm was nearly paid for and there were 112 pure-bred Holsteins in the barn. At that time, John had earned the distinction of being the largest milk shipper into the Akron territory.

But by 1921 the bottom had dropped out of everything. Cream fell to 17 cents a pound and there wasn't a market for it even then. However, Stotzer's grandfather had been a cheese maker in Switzerland and the formula had been passed on through the generations. With an oversupply of milk to dispose of, the cheese formula appeared to be the answer. But first, John needed modern equipment for manufacturing his new product.

To raise capital, John sold his Portage County farm and moved to Tuscarawas County, where land was cheaper, and bought another farm. He still had to go into debt to build the plant he needed for his particular brand of Swiss cheese. It was several months before his plant was ready, and even after he got into production, the cheese had to be sold at a price that failed to return costs.

The Stotzers would have weathered the storm, if tragedy hadn't struck. One night they were awakened by the smell of smoke. In a few minutes the cheese plant was a twisted pile of rubble.

There were eight children now, and even the toddlers pitched in to help. Every morning John loaded his truck with fresh milk and went out seeking a market. It was slow going, but things were looking a little better in the summer of 1923. Then his herd became ill.

"John," the county agent said, "I hate to tell you, but every cow

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is infected—tuberculosis. They'll have to be killed."

"But I've given my life to build up the herd," John protested.

"I'm sorry, John," the agent said. "I don't know how to help you."

"No one can help. I must start over again."

"You did it once, John."

"Then there was only me, now there are eight children. Please, you will go. I must tell my wife."

Stotzer hauled his pure-bred Holsteins to a fertilizer plant and sold them for $10. Then, unable to keep up payments on his debt, he lost the farm and everything he possessed.

There was still no complaining. As John will tell you, "just faith in the goodness of God and trust that in America there is always opportunity for the man who will work for it." Soon, John hired out to another farmer for $100 a month. On that salary he had to feed and clothe his eight children, pay rent, and somehow get started again.

THE STOTZERS HAD one asset they clung to through all their misfortune—an insurance policy worth something less than $1,000. They had never thought of it as capital, only as a last-ditch defense against further tragedy. One night, though, the county agent came to visit.

"John," he said, "there's a place over near Mineral City that the bank is trying to get rid of."

"So-o?" John asked eagerly. Mary paused in her mending.

"I asked 'em how much they'd take for a down payment. They want $2,000."

John's face fell. Mary resumed her mending.

"But wait. I think I convinced 'em that they'll never get their money out of the place the way it is. Could you raise a thousand dollars, John?"

John glanced at Mary. "Land of our own again, Mamma," he said. "You heard it."

Mary nodded.

"We will talk it over between us," John said.

That night the lamp burned late in the Stotzer home. John and Mary had a bridge to burn.

"John," said Mary, placing her hand on her husband's, "as it is, there is nothing for the children. Without a place of our own they grow up without roots. If we do it, all of us together must work it out some way. If we lose, then we must pray harder."

John looked into her eyes. "We do it," he said.

Then began the struggle to bring the worn-out land back to life. After putting in an honest day's labor for his employer, John would walk to his own fields in the evening, borrow a team of horses, and work the land by moonlight. On week ends and holidays, the entire Stotzer family would work from sunup until after dark, squaring foundations, repairing roofs, replacing siding, building fences.

For three years the Stotzers worked. Then, slowly, color began to return to the fields. There were patches of green and gold. And then there were living things: three calves at first, then chickens and pigs. And as the land came back, there were children playing in the yard, and the sound of laughter carried over the hills.

There were a dozen children, the

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oldest 15, when Mrs. Stotzer died. No amount of hard work could make up for that. But even in the bitter loneliness that faced him, John found reason to be thankful. Mary had lived to see her children taking root in the resurrected land, and that had given her peace.

The Stotzer children are raised now. Most of them have families of their own and their name is deeply respected throughout Ohio. John again has a herd of more than 100 pure-bred Holstein cattle, his "Stotzer cheese" is shipped throughout the country, and his farm is easily worth $50,000.

Such institutions as the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, the Ohio agricultural extension service, Friends of the Land, and the U. S. Soil Conservation Service have honored John and point to his farm as an outstanding example of soil restoration in this country.

Knowing that her father was homesick for the sound of Swiss cowbells, John's oldest daughter bought the finest set she could find when she visited Switzerland in 1937. Others were added from time to time, so that there are now some 60 expertly tuned bells, each with a different tone, for the Stotzer prize cattle.

On summer afternoons, the melodic sound of the bells can be heard for miles through the Tuscarawas hills. People who have heard about it come from all parts of the country to listen to the informal concert. And also to pay their respects to John Stotzer, whose feat of "amazing courage, ingenuity, and strength" is written there on the face of the land, lost to the news but deeply rooted in the American story.

Quite!

A BRITISH VISITOR to New York was taken to the observation tower on the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building, the tallest on earth. It was a fine sunny day with a good 50-mile view. His host pointed out the Statue of Liberty, the Chrysler Building with its silver spire, the rising tower of the United Nations, and the George Washington bridge that spans the shining Hudson.

"That's New Jersey across the river. Away up north is the Connecticut shore line. On a day like this," he said, "you can see four states. . . . "

The Englishman leaned over the rail. It is 1,250 feet—almost a quarter of a mile—from the tower to the city below. Beneath him lay the little island of Manhattan, set like a jewel in a circlet of rainbow waters. People on the streets were no bigger than ants. Busses and cars, darting and stopping, seemed like small fat bugs. But the Englishman just looked bored.

"Well, what do you think?" demanded his host eagerly. "Some tower, isn't it!"

"Oh, rather," agreed the Englishman. "Gives quite an impression of height, doesn't it?" —ELEANOR EARLY, *New York Holiday* (Rinehart & Co., Inc.)

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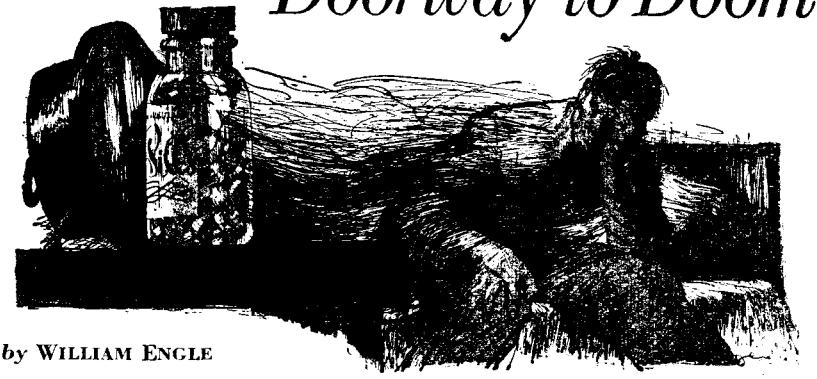
SLEEPING PILLS:

Doorway to Doom



by WILLIAM ENGLE

Unless used wisely, the "harmless" barbiturates can lead to addiction and death

"JANE R. DOE, 25 years old, an unemployed actress, was found dead yesterday morning in her room at the Blank Hotel. Death apparently resulted from an overdose of sleeping pills, an empty bottle of which was found on the bedside table."

Variations of this grim little item have been appearing in American papers more and more often during the last few years. One day the victim is a nonentity in a cheap rooming house; the next, he or she is a star of stage or screen, a national figure, or a member of a prominent family. But the bottle of sleeping pills, the trademark of all such stories, remains unchanged.

Known to users by many fancy names—Yellow Jackets, Geronimos, Red Devils, Blue Heaven—these pills belong to the chemical family of barbiturates, a coal-tar product. For the weak, the sorrow-laden, the depressed, they have opened up an inviting doorway to eternity. Once you have acquired the habit of taking them by day to quiet your nerves or by night to help you sleep, you are headed for trouble.

"I can take them or leave them alone," you may think. In fact, you may say as much to your doctor, and he, in turn, may prescribe them for you, to be resorted to occasionally to ease your nervous tension or to hasten sleep.

Perhaps you are right in believing that you can control your use of the drug. Many have managed to do so. But many others, equally confident, have progressed from habituation to addiction. Sometimes physiological factors are responsible, sometimes psychological, sometimes both.

The addict's plight is appalling;

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used to the drug in his system at all times, he is in one degree or another always in a state of barbiturate intoxication. When he tries to break off, he experiences a violent physical and mental upheaval. Jangled nerves, cramps, excessive sweating, and weakness are its hallmarks, and often these tortures are increased by nausea, convulsions, and delirium.

Sunny Burnett learned about this. She was a dancer of great promise who began to take barbiturates for taut nerves. For ten years she fought the habit, going from one hospital to another for treatment. Each time, on coming out, she would turn again to the Yellow Jackets. She was only 35 when they finally killed her.

Doctors at one time did not credit the existence of such cases as hers. Their experience with desperate prisoners of the drug had not yet become wide enough to convince them that attempts to give it up would induce shocking abstinence symptoms. It was only last year that the U. S. Public Health Service settled the question of addiction for good.

"Despite statements to the contrary in standard textbooks, severe symptoms develop after abrupt withdrawal of barbiturates from chronically intoxicated individuals," says Dr. Harris Isbell, research director of the Public Health Service's famous hospital for drug addicts in Lexington, Kentucky. "Abstinence from barbiturates," he adds, "is in fact more dangerous to life than is abstinence from morphine."

Under the influence of the drug, an addict's conduct is unpredictable. In Providence, R. I., a murder suspect admitted that during a sleeping-pill blackout he was so unbalanced that he *could* have killed someone without remembering it. Another prisoner, on Long Island, N. Y., admitted that he *had* murdered a society matron, and blamed his act on barbiturate addiction.

In Cleveland, police answered an hysterical woman's phone call to find that, under the drug's influence, her husband had smashed furniture and cut off two of his fingers. In half a dozen other cities, users of the pills have dropped off to sleep with lighted cigarettes in their hands, setting their beds ablaze.

GOVERNMENT AGENCIES and medical societies have warned against barbiturates, and most states have passed laws regulating their sale. However, the extent of regulation in most of these states is thoroughly inadequate. And many thoughtless doctors, and apparently some unscrupulous ones, still are writing prescriptions too freely.

Accommodating druggists, not to mention those prompted by avarice, are daily flouting barbiturate restrictions. And in most of the great cities, there has grown up an underworld traffic in the drug.

The Department of Commerce's Chemical Division reports 679,800 pounds of barbiturates manufactured in 1949, and about the same amount last year. The amount of these drugs sold a year is enough to put everyone in the country to sleep, every night for 12 nights. It is a quantity, authorities declare, far beyond the amount needed for medical treatment.

Used legitimately, the barbi-

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turates are indispensable in the control of some forms of epilepsy, and as sedatives they rank among the most valuable drugs of the modern physician. If you have a good doctor, and faithfully follow his orders, you need have no fear. But beware of prescribing for yourself or increasing the dosage and shortening the time between pills.

Taken in some quantity, they induce a kind of twilight zone between waking and sleeping. Some people are tempted by this, for it frees them temporarily of the cares of the day. But this deceptive zone plays havoc with your reasoning power and releases inhibitions. Often it blots out memory of things immediately past. As a consequence, you may lose count of how many pills you have taken.

Aimee Semple McPherson, the Los Angeles evangelist, did just that, and died of an accidental overdose. So did Mrs. Ellen McAdoo Hinshaw, daughter of the late Senator William Gibbs McAdoo and granddaughter of President Woodrow Wilson. The same fate overtook Mrs. Evalyn McLean Reynolds, wife of former Senator R. R. Reynolds of North Carolina and only daughter of the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, owner of the Hope Diamond.

Like alcoholics, pill addicts sometimes indulge in a debauch for a few days or a week or two; sometimes they take the drug continuously for months or even years. Experimenting with the drug, boys and girls in various cities have combined it with beer.

"After a few Geronimos with beer, you're pepped up for a couple hours," one youth told New York police. "After a while you pass out and could sleep on a bed of coals."

The effect of the pills, taken by a heavy drinker to doctor his jitters, is quite the reverse. Many a man has found that a pill or two has steadied the hand and cleared the mind. For some, however, that has been a dangerous discovery. They have gone on from an occasional pill to frequent doses, to habituation and, finally, to addiction.

Addicts become increasingly liable to suicide. Depression deepened by the sleeping pills may make life unbearable. Then it may seem easy to swallow a handful of them and never awaken.

A full supply on hand can be a menace even to non-addicts, for sometimes it offers a tempting way out of an intolerable situation. Lupe Velez, the Hollywood actress, had that sad experience. In a brief time of emotional distress, she took a fatal dose.

SLEEPING PILLS have developed into a nation-wide problem only in the last few years, although the first barbiturates were manufactured as long ago as 1903. Since then, 1,500 derivatives of barbituric acid, the base of all barbiturates, have been compounded. Among the best known to the public are Luminal, Nembutal, Allonal, and Seconal. Chemically the drugs are designated as barbital, phenobarbital, pentothal, and so forth.

One of the pills' most important and legitimate uses lies in quieting surgery patients before operations; one of the most dramatic uses of a few of them brings about a release of pent-up emotion. In this latter role they are called a "truth ser-

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um," and have been tried out, with varying results, on suspected criminals.

Most states have laws prohibiting retail sales of barbiturates without a doctor's prescription, and stipulate that prescriptions are not renewable; therefore, in smaller towns and cities, it is hard to get them except legitimately. Yet in many larger cities, according to the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, the illicit supply is large.

A New York druggist received a 60-day jail sentence for selling 88,000 barbiturate capsules without prescription. In Los Angeles a young man bought 10,000 capsules, under-the-counter; before he was through with them, he had become an ambulance case. Less fortunate was a North Kansas City addict, a woman. Her death went undiscovered for three days; then it was found that she had been practically subsisting on more than 7,000 seconal capsules, as well as 7,000 additional nembutal ones, all of which she had obtained illegally—by mail order, no less—from a Hollywood druggist.

Many doctors have urged pharmaceutical houses to add an ingredient to the sleeping pill which, while having no effect in a normal dose, would cumulatively act as an emetic if an overdose is swallowed. They believe it would be a boon to weak-willed addicts whose fear of retching might overcome the temptation to take too many pills.

The Food and Drug Administration, although it lacks a strong law under which to check on retail sales, does have a lesser law that is proving useful in some cases. The Supreme Court in 1949 held that the Federal Government had authority over druggists receiving barbiturate supplies in interstate commerce. Last year, more than 100 cases of illegal sales reached the courts. What is needed, however, is a national law with teeth—like the Federal Narcotic Act—and an appropriation to implement it.

Such a law would work wonders, for it would allow Federal inspectors strict supervision of all retail sales. As a result, supplies would be kept largely in legal channels, accidental deaths would be fewer, suicides would be less frequent, and many a potential slave of the sinister pills would be saved from himself.

Like Toy—Like World

DOUBTFULLY, the young mother examined the toy. "Isn't this rather complicated for a small child?" she asked.

The clerk replied, "It's an educational toy, madam, designed to adjust a child to live in the world of today. Any way he puts it together, it is wrong."

—ESTELLE WARD MCCRAY

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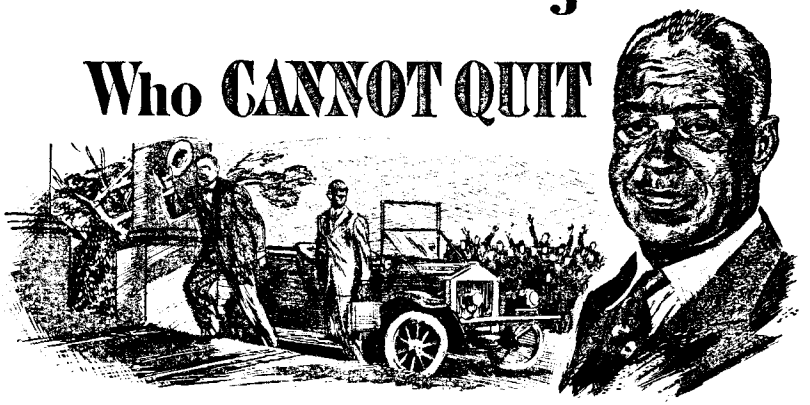
The F.B.I. Agent Who CANNOT QUIT



by CAROL HUGHES

Well past retirement age, Jim Amos is still serving his country "by special request"

ONE DAY BACK in 1901, President Theodore Roosevelt was taking his daily horseback ride through Washington's Rock Creek Park. On duty in the park was Joseph F. Amos, a Negro mounted policeman whom the President knew.

On this day, Amos summoned his nerve and approached the Chief Executive. "Mr. President," he said hopefully, "I have a young son, but he's beyond my control. I know Jim's an all-right boy, Mr. President, and I wondered if you knew of a job he could get."

Roosevelt smiled. "Amos," he said, "you just send that boy around to me—I'll control him."

Like a startled deer, young Jim Amos popped from the bushes where he had been hiding to have his first close look at his future boss. If the most kindly fairy had waved her magic wand over his head that day, she could hardly have granted him a more fortunate future. For that was the beginning of a career that was to make him an almost intimate member of a President's household, and one of the most distinguished Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

For almost 11 years, James E. Amos was closer to "Teddy" Roosevelt than almost any man who entered the White House. He was a "nursemaid" to the Roosevelt children, a second butler at all state dinners, and finally was a bodyguard, major domo, friend, and idolator of the President. He was alone in the room with the ex-President's head cradled in his arms when the great man died.

As a trusted member of Roosevelt's staff, Amos came in contact with Washington's top statesmen, politicians, ambassadors, citizens. From this coveted position, he went on to one of the nation's highest posts of trust and honor. Jim has been Special Agent Amos of the F.B.I. for almost 30 years.

In his years with the F.B.I., Jim

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has played many roles, encountered many dangers, engaged in many secret cases. He has risked his life often; known much high adventure; and is today one of the firearms experts in the F.B.I.

There isn't a gun in existence that Jim Amos can't take apart blindfolded and put back together again. When Federal legislation finally permitted F.B.I. men to carry guns, Jim assisted in training the men, and in setting up safety rules for the firing range. The final test of Amos' ability lies in the fact that J. Edgar Hoover has three times petitioned the President of the United States to retain Amos in the service, after he had passed the mandatory retirement age.

THE BRIGHT young Negro boy who appeared in the President's office on that July day back in 1901 could hardly foresee what the future held for him. After serving first as "nursemaid" to the six lively and adventurous Roosevelt children, Jim moved up the White House ladder to the great dining room. Here, where state secrets were discussed, Jim quickly learned to keep his ears open and his mouth shut. So well did he do both jobs that he was soon Roosevelt's almost constant companion. Today he says: "Mr. Roosevelt was not only my employer; he was also my dear friend, to whom I could always go with my most personal troubles. I loved him deeply and served him, I hope, faithfully."

When the President retired to his home at Oyster Bay, he insisted that Amos leave his service and go on to more profitable enterprises. But Jim always remained subject to call, and when finally Roosevelt knew that his time was short, he sent for his faithful friend.

No one else could quite handle the sick old Rough Rider. From then on, Jim never left the room at night. On the final night, Amos heard Roosevelt breathing irregularly. He went to the bed and held the ex-President's head in his arms until he breathed his last.

Jim entered the F.B.I. in 1921, working at Washington headquarters. His main duties were encoding and decoding confidential messages and handling important mail. These duties gave him an enviable view of the entire operation of the fledgling bureau, and when he graduated to field work Jim was ready.

In hundreds of cases over the years, Amos has proven invaluable in tracking down his man. J. Edgar Hoover says: "He has sources and contacts enjoyed by few other agents in the service."

In the case of Ralph Richards, a bandit as well known for his escapes as for his armed robberies, Jim took up the trail when it seemed hopeless and finally located his quarry in Mount Vernon, N. Y. Richards was arrested, and Jim went on to other affairs.

Soon thereafter the call went out for Amos again: Richards had escaped. Week after week, Jim investigated every clue, followed every lead. Finally, he found Richards in a mid-Manhattan rooming house, and called for another agent to aid him in making the arrest.

As they entered the room, it was the quick thinking, along with the agile body, of Amos that saved both agents' lives. Amos, in the lead, saw the fugitive's hand dart under

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his pillow. Jim leaped from the door to the bed to land on his prisoner. Under the pillow was a .45 automatic.

On another occasion, Amos found it necessary to arrest his prisoner without the aid of a second agent. As Jim moved in on the vicious hoodlum, he handed over the warrant and stood there unarmed, waiting for the man to read it. "You don't think I'm going with you?" said the thug contemptuously.

Amos looked at him calmly. "What does that warrant say?"

The hoodlum said: "*To bring me or my body.*"

Without changing expression, Amos said: "Make up your mind."

The hoodlum went.

TODAY, AMOS' fabulous knowledge of criminals has made him a favorite of law-enforcement officers from coast to coast. For years he served as liaison between the New York Field Division of the F.B.I. and the New York City Police Department. And although Jim as Special Agent has performed many services for the Negro people, there has never been any tendency on the part of the Bureau to make this a specialized duty. Today, Jim looks back and chuckles over two of his favorite "big cases"—involving so-called "Negro Saviors."

One was the spectacular Garvey, who called himself the "provisional President of Africa"—leader of the colored races of the world. Jim was almost a rookie when he was assigned, in 1923, to get evidence to convict the swindler who had raised millions of dollars to transport his people back to their "homeland." Garvey was selling stock in the Black Star Line, a corporation having for its purpose "the acquisition of steamships to transport to Africa members of the Negro race who would build the Promised Land."

Amos knew that Garvey's fraud appealed to many honest Negroes, so ploddingly he set out to become friendly with some of Garvey's followers, and to collect evidence of how money was collected and spent. Amos sent his man to five years in Atlanta Penitentiary, and thought his case was finished. But when word drifted back that Garvey yearned to start all over again, Amos got deportation papers for the swindler. When Garvey left prison, he was shuttled to the British West Indies—and Amos went on to nab his successor in Harlem!

This time it was "Father Abraham," who was passing himself off as the reincarnated Lord and speaking a gibberish that he told his disciples was the ancient Hebrew tongue. "Father Abraham" had established temples for his followers in which they could live free if they signed over all their worldly goods.

Jim kept him under surveillance while digging back into his past. He discovered that Abraham was a native of Georgia, where he had worked as a waiter. When Abraham began to transport young girls to his temples in New Jersey, he was arrested on white-slavery charges.

Although eligible for retirement as far back as 1941, Amos did not quit because of a special request from Hoover that he be allowed to remain on duty. A pleasant-faced keen-eyed man with graying hair, Amos at 70 does not appear to be more than 50 years old.

In all Jim's years of service, there

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have been a few times when heart ruled his head, but never to the detriment of the Bureau. One of the occasions involved one of the biggest cases he ever worked on. He was sent to the Midwest to join some 20 picked fellow agents in an investigation of a white-slave ring.

Amos soon unearthed a woman who went by the picturesque name of "Stack of Dollars," and persuaded her to act as undercover agent. With her help, Amos was able to turn over information which aided the F.B.I. in netting 87 suspects who were later convicted on charges of protecting white slavers and dope peddlers.

During another white-slave investigation in the East, Amos met a madame who freely answered all questions, until he began to inquire about her background. Finally, as Jim persisted, she broke down. She said she was willing to testify, that she knew she would have to go to jail, but would he grant her one favor. A 16-year-old daughter who knew nothing of her mother's life was coming home that night from boarding school and the mother would be in jail. She pleaded with Jim to meet her daughter at the train and take her home.

Jim was a very busy man that day. He helped transport the prisoners to the U.S. Attorney's office in Trenton, New Jersey, filed his reports, and finished his day. Then Jim took a train for Philadelphia to meet an unsuspecting girl. He escorted her home and followed the mother's instructions to the letter. And to this day the girl knows nothing of her mother's past.

In presenting Special Agent Amos with a 25-year-service award, Mr. Hoover said: "The unselfish and willing contribution of hard work and personal sacrifices which you have made in the Bureau's behalf have earned for you a distinct share in whatever accomplishments it can claim. I should like you to accept this key as an expression of my gratitude and appreciation for your splendid services, and with a wish that, through our continued association, I shall be able to make a similar award to you on your 30th anniversary."

Jim Amos, who has lost none of the spirit or enthusiasm he has always shown in his work, is quite sure he will get his 30th-anniversary key. For as J. Edgar Hoover says: "He wears with distinction and honor the gold badge of an F.B.I. agent, so significant of 'Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity.' "

Power of Prayer

"MY LITTLE GIRL was quite skeptical about the power of prayer," a minister confessed, "but she was finally convinced. She petitioned the Lord to help her pass her swimming test, and, in her own words, 'It took Him two weeks, but He did it!' "

—ISRAEL H. WEISFELD, *Pulpit Treasury of Wit & Humor* (Prentice-Hall)

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CAPITAL NONSENSE

THE TELEPHONE had just been invented and an instrument was put on Ulysses S. Grant's desk in the White House. A trial convinced the President that he could talk through it to another person and hear the reply.

"Yes," said the man who had led great armies to victory and was at the height of his reputation, "it is all very remarkable. But who in the world would ever want to use one of them?"

—GEORGE PECK (*Partners Magazine*)

THE DEPARTMENT of Agriculture receives many requests for unusual information and, wherever possible, does its best to comply. But this request, clear and concise though it was, really stumped the agricultural experts:

"Dear Sir: Please send me all the information you can."

—DAVID A. HELLER

A RECENTLY ELECTED legislator in Washington brought his family to the White House to meet President Truman. The President showed them around his office, and explained the map he has there—the map on which is marked every whistle stop he made during his campaign.

Then he told the new legislator: "I know how you must feel. I remember when I first came to Washington. For the first six months you wonder how the blazes you got here. And during the second six months you wonder how the blazes the rest of 'em got here."

—LEONARD LYONS

CALVIN COOLIDGE'S reserve at times reached monumental proportions. During the first few days of Queen Marie of Rumania's visit to the Executive Mansion, Silent Cal addressed not a single word to this glamorous guest, so the story goes. Then, as if to make amends, at breakfast on her final morning, he produced a real conversational gem.

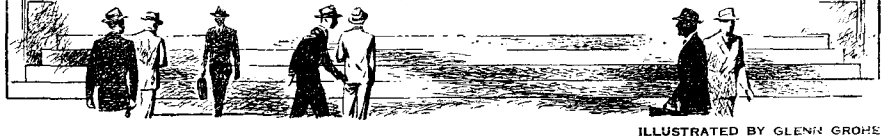
"Queen," he asked unexpectedly, "what country you from?"

—K. L. SAKAR

DURING THE WAR, Henry Kaiser boarded a plane at the National Airport for an important conference in Chicago. Scarcely had he taken his seat when he was asked to vacate it to make room for a Major who had priority. As the plane took off, the stewardess casually mentioned to the Major the name of the man who had been forced to give up his seat for him.

"Kaiser!" he exclaimed. "Why I'm flying to Chicago just to see *him*!"

—BERTHA SULMAN



ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHE

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Our Navy Is Ready for RED SUBMARINES

An expert answers some vital questions about our preparedness for undersea combat

IN WORLD WAR I, the newfangled German U-boat came close to defeating the Allies by cutting their life lines overseas. During World War II, the submarine menace was sharpened: Nazi "wolf packs" almost turned the tide against us in the sinister "Battle of the Atlantic." Now, if World War III should come, would Russian super-submarines invade our coastal waters, blockade our ports, and bombard our cities with atomic missiles?

The U. S. knows that Russia, with the aid of captive Nazi scientists, is building fleets of "snorkel" submarines—those new monsters of the deep which are lethally armed and capable of cruising long distances without coming to the surface for air. Already, our Navy's detecting devices have located more than one prowling submarine visitor in ocean shipping lanes and along our shores.

In the face of this potential wartime threat, what are the facts about the snorkel submarine? Is it the last word in submarine construction, or are there even now more formidable types in prospect? In the latter case, who is likely to produce them first, the United States or the Soviet Union? Have we developed any reliable methods of combating the newest forms of undersea warfare?

To find the answers to these urgent questions, CORONET went to Rear Admiral Charles B. Momsen, inventor of the famous submarine rescue device, the "Momsen Lung," and currently Assistant Chief of Naval Operations for Undersea Warfare. Following is a transcript of his recent question-and-answer interview:

Q: The U. S. seems to be afraid of Russian snorkels. Is our fear justified?

A: No. The Germans introduced the snorkel about the middle of World War II. They were compelled to introduce it because our antisubmarine forces in the Atlantic, principally planes, were sinking

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so many U-boats. The snorkel enables a submarine to proceed with much less danger of being detected from the air.

Q: Why did we get such a late start in building snorkels?

A: There didn't seem to be much point in adopting them until after World War II. Our submarines in the Pacific had to do almost as much fighting on the surface as under water—and the snorkel device offers no advantage to a surfaced boat. The Japs didn't have enough aircraft to make us feel the need for snorkels.

Q: What are the principal advantages of the snorkel type over other submarines?

A: A submerged snorkel is much harder to detect by visual or radar means. However, it can't make as much speed submerged as it can on the surface.

Q: How does the snorkel breathing tube work?

A: You've answered that by calling it a "breathing tube." As long as it projects above surface, it takes in air through a valve. The valve closes under water, then opens again when the water recedes.

Q: When the device is above water, can it be detected?

A: It is relatively hard to detect —practically impossible at any great distance. However, we are developing electronic devices to detect snorkels.

Q: I hear that we have a new submarine device, called "closed-cycle propulsion," which creates oxygen within the submarine. Is that true?

A: That is correct. Closed-cycle propulsion eliminates the need of the snorkel. Submarines equipped with it carry certain chemicals, which create the gases necessary to support combustion in the engine. Exhaust gases are revitalized in the process. Consequently, they can be used over and over again.

Q: An invisible submarine! How far have we gone with this?

A: The capacity of a submarine of that type to carry the necessary chemicals is still somewhat limited. For security reasons, I can't reveal the extent of our progress, but we consider it satisfactory.

Q: Has this type of submarine undergone actual tests outside the laboratory?

A: The Germans actually operated closed-cycle submarines for test purposes late in World War II. However, the effectiveness of such vessels will remain limited until a method has been devised to increase the amount of chemicals they can carry.

Q: Are the Russians building closed-cycle submarines?

A: I have no specific information on that. We assume they are. Proceeding on that assumption, we are developing antisubmarine measures to combat them.

Q: In the event of war, what would be the master-plan for directing our submarine fleet?

A: Our submarines would engage in reconnaissance and antisubmarine patrols. We are developing an undersea craft especially designed to transport troops and another to transport fuel oil for Army and Navy requirements. Also, they would be used for evacuation purposes and for life-guarding, both of which were done so successfully in World War II.

Q: We have startled the world

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with our plane production. What chance have we of being able to do a miracle job on submarines?

A: If we should need more submarines, I am confident that we can build them. It is a question of balanced forces.

Q: Are the submarines which did such a wonderful job against the Japanese now out of date?

A: We are modernizing them, using them as targets for our antisubmarine forces, and keeping them in readiness for other wartime tasks. Some types of World War II submarines have been streamlined and equipped with snorkels and the latest electronic devices.

Q: To go back to the problem of enemy submarines: what defense have we set up against them?

A: The answer has many phases. First is destruction of the submarine while it is being built. Failing in that, we try next to destroy it in its pen or home yard, and then, if again unsuccessful, when it is starting out on patrol. (The SSK, or hunter-killer type submarine, has been designed for this last purpose.) The final phase is that of detecting the snorkel on the high seas, and here we use long-range patrol squadrons, equipped with snorkel-detecting radar.

Q: What is the SSK killer type?

A: It's an antisubmarine submarine. The problem of detecting one submarine with another is a problem of relative noises. If you can remain submerged in the neighborhood of a snorkeling submarine and make less noise than it is making, you have a good chance of getting in a successful attack. That is the theory back of the SSK, which is designed to operate silently and to lie in wait for the snorkeling submarine.

Q: What specific methods have we developed for detecting an enemy submarine?

A: Underwater craft can be detected by sonar means or by MAD equipment aboard aircraft. Our research is being concentrated in part on developing better sonar equipment.

Q: How does a young officer know the submarine sounds he detects are those of the enemy and not our own?

A: We have recognition devices to establish its identity.

Q: Do we have any liaison with the Air Force to destroy enemy submarines?

A: Yes, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have prepared plans for such coordination.

Q: Have we improved the depth bombs and torpedoes used so effectively against enemy submarines in the last war?

A: Yes. As we improve our detection methods, we also improve our weapons.

Q: We are afraid that Russian snorkels will sneak up to our coasts and launch atomic missiles at our cities. Have these fears any basis in fact? Do the atomic missiles exist?

A: The questions belong in the same category as that other popular one: how many A-bombs have the Russians got? I don't know. But I do know that, atomic war head or no atomic war head, the solution of the problem still lies in destroying the submarine before it launches its weapon.

Q: The Navy's record for transporting troops has been excellent in both World Wars. What are the

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prospects if a third war breaks out?

A: As good as, if not better than, in either of the others.

Q: Is there anything more you would like to add in conclusion?

A: Only this: the potential destructiveness of submarines is being constantly increased. However, there are no especial grounds for alarm in that, so long as antisubmarine measures keep pace. Today, we in the Undersea Warfare Division feel well able to counter the menace of enemy attack.

Nothing Can Equal the Atomic Submarine

by VICE ADMIRAL CHARLES A. LOCKWOOD *(USN Retired)*

LAST AUGUST, the President authorized construction of America's first atomic-powered submarine. At a cost of $40,000,000, which will include building of the initial atomic pile and actual construction of the vessel, in three years the U. S. hopes to be the first nation to possess the atom submarine, and so lay the foundation for a fleet which will outrun, outfight, and outmaneuver the most advanced snorkels that Russia is building.

Nothing can equal the atom boat. Nothing in our present arsenal of antisubmarine weapons can stop it. Its use will be restricted only by the endurance of the crew, who can be rotated often. With inexhaustible power from atomic energy, its range will be unlimited. It will require no air for its engines and, for the crew's benefit, need only charge its air banks every three or four days. For this purpose, a much smaller and almost undetectable snorkel can be used. Free from the need to carry some 350 tons of Diesel oil and a 350-ton storage battery, weight saved will compensate for the heavy shielding necessary for the power plant.

There will be more space for torpedo storage and for sonar, radar, and radio equipment. Also, the crew will have more comfortable quarters, an important psychological consideration.

With a plant three or four times the horsepower of our present Diesel installation, our engineers believe the atom boat will run continuously at 25 to 30 knots submerged. Continuously doesn't mean forever, but, to submariners, the "extended period of time" promised is astronomical compared with present performance.

The *U.S.S. Pickerel*, which made a record-breaking undersea cruise of 5,200 miles from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbor in 21 days, would do the same trip in eight to nine days with an atomic plant. By this same great increase in speed, our submarines could arrive off enemy bases in Europe or Asia much more rapidly.

With no fuel to be conserved, and machinery designed for high speed, the atom sub will do the work of two or three snorkel submarines, cover her assigned area more quickly and thoroughly, and return rapidly to base for more torpedoes and a fresh crew. She will have no snorkel to reveal her presence to enemy planes, and radar and high submerged speed will let her run away from antisubmarine craft, or sink them. Some undoubtedly will be equipped to launch guided missiles, thus constituting a swift striking force for reprisals or to devastate enemy coastal bases and submarine pens.

This submarine could drive every surface ship from the sea, chasing them down and destroying them one by one. During World War II, fast luxury liners carried tens of thousands of troops through submarine-infested waters, protected only by high speed. Those days are gone.

From *Sink 'Em All*, Copyright 1951 by Charles A. Lockwood and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

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FDR'S RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

by JANE WEST WALTON

ONE DAY IN 1923, while I was a story editor for Paramount Pictures in New York, Adolph Zukor called me to his office. He was holding a letter when I entered.

"It's from one of the Roosevelts," he said. "He wants to sell us a story about John Paul Jones."

I glanced at the letterhead and read: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Vice-President, Fidelity & Deposit Company of Maryland, 120 Broadway, New York City.

"Are you interested?" I asked.

Zukor shrugged. "Not much. Besides, I can't afford to do a costume picture now."

"What do you want me to do?"

"The Roosevelts are important people," Zukor said. "I think we ought to let him down easy."

That afternoon, I telephoned Roosevelt. "I'd like to talk to you about your story idea on John Paul Jones," I said.

"Wonderful!" he replied enthusiastically. "But not on the phone. Can you come to tea tomorrow?"

Next afternoon, I entered the Roosevelt mansion on East 65th Street and was enchanted by the charm of the family circle. From the things he said, I deduced that Roosevelt looked upon writing as his new career. We were at tea when finally he asked, "What did Mr. Zukor think about my idea?"

The entire group looked at me. There was such trust and confidence in their faces that I could not tell the truth, so I said evasively: "He's considering it seriously."

"Is there anything wrong with it?" Roosevelt asked.

"It's not that," I said, groping for an excuse. "Paramount works so far in advance that we're checking our Hollywood studios to see when we can fit a picture of that type into our schedule."

For three months, we continued the pretense. As I accepted invitations to visit the family in New York and Hyde Park, I became more aware of Roosevelt's determination to assume a literary career, and the fondness I developed for him made it increasingly painful to tell him that his first attempt was doomed to failure.

At last, when I could endure procrastination no longer, I told him that his story had been rejected. I could see he was crushed. Clum-

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sily I rambled on with excuses of production schedules and studio complications. But he was obviously bitterly disappointed, and the issue was not mentioned again in our last hour together.

Fifteen years passed. During President Roosevelt's second administration, my husband, Capt. Duncan Walton, U.S.N., and I were invited to a White House reception for Army and Navy officers and their wives. When we were presented to the President, he looked at me searchingly. Then he asked, "It's Jane West, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes, Mr. President."

A broad smile brightened his face. "You know," he said, "I think, at the time, I wanted to sell my story about John Paul Jones and become a professional writer more than I had wanted anything else in my life. My darkest moment was when you told me that Paramount had rejected it."

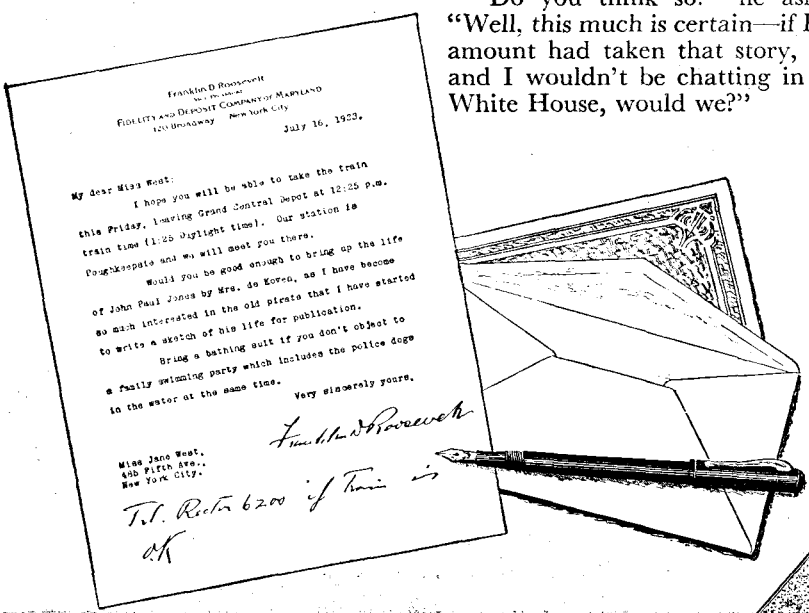
"I'm sure they regret that more now than you did then," I said.

"Perhaps," he said. "But that rejection taught me something important. A failure, no matter how dismal it may make the future seem, doesn't mean the end of a man's life. I've learned that the best way to overcome a failure is to put it and all its reminders into the past, and then to attack an even-greater challenge with a deeper determination to succeed."

"Your own political success proves that theory," I said.

The President smiled again.

"Do you think so?" he asked. "Well, this much is certain—if Paramount had taken that story, you and I wouldn't be chatting in the White House, would we?"


Franklin D Roosevelt
FIDELITY and DEPOSIT COMPANY OF MARYLAND
120 Broadway New York City

July 16, 1933.

My dear Miss West:

I hope you will be able to take the train this Friday, leaving Grand Central Depot at 12:25 p.m. train time (11:25 Daylight time). Our station is Poughkeepsie and we will meet you there.

Would you be good enough to bring up the life of John Paul Jones by Mrs. de Koven, as I have become so much interested in the old pirate that I have started to write a sketch of his life for publication.

Bring a bathing suit if you don't object to a family swimming party which includes the police dogs in the water at the same time.

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Miss Jane West,
448 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.

T.R. Rector 6200 if Train is OK

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FABRE: The Explorer Who Stayed Home

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

A great French naturalist was almost 90 before the world recognized his genius

NEAR THE FOOTHILLS of the Cévennes, in central France, a small boy spent his early years dreaming of faraway places. In imagination, he explored the Andes, the Congo, the Amazon. But although the boy lived to be 92 years old, he never left his native land except to teach for a few years in Corsica.

Chained by poverty to the region of his birth, he became one of the greatest explorers of all time. His adventures are known around the world. His books have been translated into many tongues. He was Jean Henri Fabre, the explorer who stayed home.

No other writer ever made the world of the insects so dramatic and so fascinating. Even today, when research is aided by the most costly and elaborate equipment, Fabre's discoveries, made with nothing but the crudest of homemade apparatus, still form basic reading in the fields of animal behavior and comparative psychology.

Until he was almost 50, Fabre worked as a schoolmaster at a salary that never exceeded $320 a year. He spent his first month's income for an illustrated book on insects. As he read it, the ambition to be historian of these small creatures formed in his mind. His dream was to own a piece of land, a living laboratory where he could follow the activities of the insects.

The average span of a human

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life passed before Fabre—at 60—could save enough to buy two and a half acres of thistle-ridden land on the outskirts of Sérignan, 50 miles from the Mediterranean. Peasants referred to his acres as a *harmas*—a waste. But Fabre called it his Eden.

He spent his remaining years roaming the world of his two acres. He explored jungles—jungles of weeds and grass clumps. He explored deserts—sun-baked patches of pebbles and rust-red earth. He explored caverns—the caverns of ants and digger wasps. And at the time of his death, this associate of the lowliest of creatures, this questioner of wasps and bees and beetles, was finally recognized as one of the great men of France.

FABRE'S MOTHER could neither read nor write. His father was an unsuccessful café keeper. To make one mouth less to feed, Jean Henri, who was born in the market-town of St. Léons in 1823, was soon sent to live with his grandparents on a high, windy farm near the foothills of the Cévennes.

He earned his way through normal school by working as a laborer and selling lemonade at country fairs. At 18, Fabre began as a primary schoolmaster in Carpentras. His salary of $140 a year was often months in arrears.

One consolation during this period was the illustrated book on insects. "While I turned the pages for the hundredth time," he once said, "a voice whispered vaguely: 'Thou, too, shalt be an historian of animals.' "

In about 1850 he went to Corsica to teach physics and chemistry at the Lycée of Ajaccio. He stayed there for two years, until, at the age of 29, he was made a staff member at the Lycée of Avignon. There he labored for almost 20 years without advancement in title, duties, or salary. Twice, fortune seemed within his grasp.

Victor Duruy, energetic Minister of Education under Napoleon III, met Fabre, was impressed by his advanced theories of teaching, and invited him to Paris, apparently to become a tutor to the Emperor's children. But nothing came of the proposal.

A little later, researches led Fabre to the discovery of alizarin, the coloring agent in madder-root. Madder grew abundantly about Avignon, and Fabre, believing he was about to make a fortune in dyes, had already begun construction of a factory when an item of scientific news shattered his hopes. A way had been discovered to produce alizarin synthetically.

"Long ago," Fabre wrote during those days of discouragement, "I should have thrown the helve after the axhead had I not had for my encouragement the consciousness of being engaged in the continual search for truth in the little world of which I have made myself the historian."

Then, in 1870, as German troops were overrunning France, Fabre's misfortune reached its crest. His advanced ideas of education, particularly permitting girls to enroll in his science classes, aroused determined opposition. He was dismissed; the community turned against him; the clergy denounced him from the pulpit.

One friend, the English econo-

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mist and philosopher, John Stuart Mill, who was then living in Avignon and had gone afield with Fabre to study botany, loaned him $600.

Fabre moved to Orange and settled down to support his family by writing. For nine years, he turned out popularized science textbooks on various phases of natural history. They provided enough income to feed his family, pay back Mill's loan, and purchase his Eden.

It was in 1879 that Fabre came to Sérignan, almost overwhelmed by sorrow and fatigue. His best-loved son and constant helper, Jules, 15, had just died. His wife soon followed. Fabre himself nearly died of pneumonia. He had found his sanctuary, but, as he put it: "It is a little late, my pretty insects! I greatly fear the peach has been offered to me when I am beginning to have no teeth wherewith to eat it."

Then, when he was past 60, he married again. His second wife, a capable young woman of Sérignan, bore him three children and, taking everyday responsibilities from his shoulders, left him free to devote himself to insect exploring.

During the rest of his life, his days were much the same. At dawn he was roaming the paths of his *harmas*, noting the earliest activity of the insects. His frugal breakfast consisted largely of fruit. He never touched meat. Breakfast over, he retired to his laboratory and shut himself up "like a snail."

In his long, whitewashed room he spent his mornings in silence, interrogating insects through the language of experiment. On a large table rested his homemade apparatus—rearing cages and observation jars formed from such economical odds and ends as old flowerpots and sardine cans. A tank and an inexpensive microscope were the only pieces of equipment he had not made himself.

WHEN FABRE WAS nearly 90, with failing eyesight, the French Government bestowed upon him a modern laboratory. But by then his work was over—accomplished with the help of what he always referred to as his two best instruments: time and patience.

Indoors and out, Fabre wore a wide-brimmed black felt hat, a linen jacket, and heavy peasant shoes. His briar pipe was forever going out. Few people in the village ever saw Fabre. His life was lived in the world of insects rather than in the world of men.

At a small desk, Fabre set down the record of his explorations, using a penny bottle of ink and a pen, and writing in a clear legible hand the books which made him famous.

To pedants who accused him of lacking scientific profundity, Fabre replied: "You rip up the animal and I study it alive; you turn it into an object of horror and pity whereas I cause it to be loved; you labor in a torture chamber and dissecting room; I make my observations under the blue sky to the song of the cicadas . . . I write above all things for the young. I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate."

The genius and blindness of animal instinct fascinated Fabre. With lives that often last only days or weeks, insects have little time to learn from experience. They are born with instinctive knowledge.

For example, there is the aston-

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ishing skill of the digger wasp, an insect surgeon with an instinctive knowledge of anatomy. One wasp that places paralyzed crickets in its burrow to provide food for its young thrusts its sting three times into the breast of a captured victim, seeming to know that the cricket has three widely separated nervous centers.

But there was another side to the story. Even the insects that exhibited the greatest instinctive brilliance seemed helpless when confronted with an unusual situation. Once, Fabre enclosed the nest of a mason bee within a shell of tissue paper. The nest was almost as hard as concrete. When the newborn bee emerged from the nest, it bit its way through the concrete and found itself within the paper shell. A single snip of its powerful jaws would have opened a door to freedom. Yet the insect wandered within its prison of paper until it died.

Perhaps Fabre's most famous single experiment was made with the processionary caterpillars. These insects lay down silken trails from their nests to their feeding grounds. Single file, they follow these roads of silk without deviating to left or right.

On January 30, 1896, Fabre discovered a line of these caterpillars extending up the side of a large vase. As soon as the procession formed a ring about the top, he destroyed the silken trail up the side. Would the caterpillars make a new trail down the vase? Or would instinct hold them chained to the circle of silk at the top?

All that day, Fabre watched the procession move steadily, like the circling hands of a clock. Next morning, the hungry caterpillars were following the same course. Lap after lap they marched. Day after day they kept to the closed circuit of silk.

For seven days, they marched around the top of the vase. They might have continued on until, one by one, they died and lost their hold, had not an accident resulting from the confusion of exhaustion broken the ring on the seventh day and permitted the famished caterpillars to descend the vase and reach their food.

As Fabre, with the weight of years increasing upon him, advanced from book to book, he often despaired of completing his great work. One of the earlier volumes ends with these words: "Dear insects, my study of you has sustained me and continues to sustain me in my heaviest trials. I must take leave of you today. The ranks are thinning around me and the long hopes have fled. Shall I be able to speak of you again?"

Underneath, there is the note of the translator: "This is the closing paragraph of Volume III of *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, of which the author has lived to publish seven additional volumes containing more than 2,500 pages and nearly 850,000 words."

As Fabre's classics appeared, they attracted scant attention. Then, shortly after publication of the concluding volume, the world suddenly discovered him. The long neglect was over; leading literary figures of France praised him extravagantly.

On April 3, 1910, a jubilee at Sérignan honored Fabre. Crowds came. Savants sent their felicita-

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tions. Government and scientific representatives paid homage. A statue of him was erected in the public square. Fabre saw it all through fading eyes that peered from a face furrowed and tanned, until it suggested the countenance of some benevolent insect.

Fabre was almost 60 when he went to his Eden, almost 70 when he was free to devote all his time to insects, almost 90 when fame discovered him.

Five dazzling years rounded out his life. But he kept his simple, frugal ways to the end. Four pets—a shaggy dog named Tom, a cat called Mignon, and two turtles, Sophia and the Little One—were companions of his latter days.

As long as he could stand, Fabre followed the paths of his *harmas* or moved about the long table of his laboratory where, during the decades, his heavy peasant shoes had worn a groove in the tiled floor. He never lost that wonderful enthusiasm which runs like an electric current through his pages.

His last days were clouded by the onrush of World War I. He saw his son and his sons-in-law called to the colors. He saw his country fighting for its life. On October 11, 1915, armies were locked in the Argonne. And on that day, in the quiet Provençal village he had made famous, Jean Henri Fabre's long life came to an end.

Headlines of that day screamed peril and disaster. Few people noticed the passing of this historian of the natural world. But later, when the noise of war had died away, Fabre's labors were remembered. His *harmas*, that bit of land he called his Eden, was made a public shrine. It stands today as a memorial to a hero of the commonplace, an explorer who, where others saw only wasteland, found the great adventures of his life.

Lesson in Humility

THE LATE GOVERNOR STONE of Mississippi remembered with gratitude —not unmixed with shame—the first lesson he learned concerning the proper manner of dealing with the public.

Two Negro farmers came to a little railway station in Iuka, where Stone was holding forth as agent, to ask a few questions concerning a freight shipment they were planning to make.

Agent Stone who, at the time, considered himself an extremely busy and important man, grew weary of their queries, and answered them sharply and impatiently.

When the two farmers finally turned away from the window, still a bit puzzled and dissatisfied, Stone overheard one remark to the other: "Dat's always de way—de littler de station de bigger de agent!"

What Stone learned in that instant helped make him Governor of Mississippi. —*Wall Street Journal*

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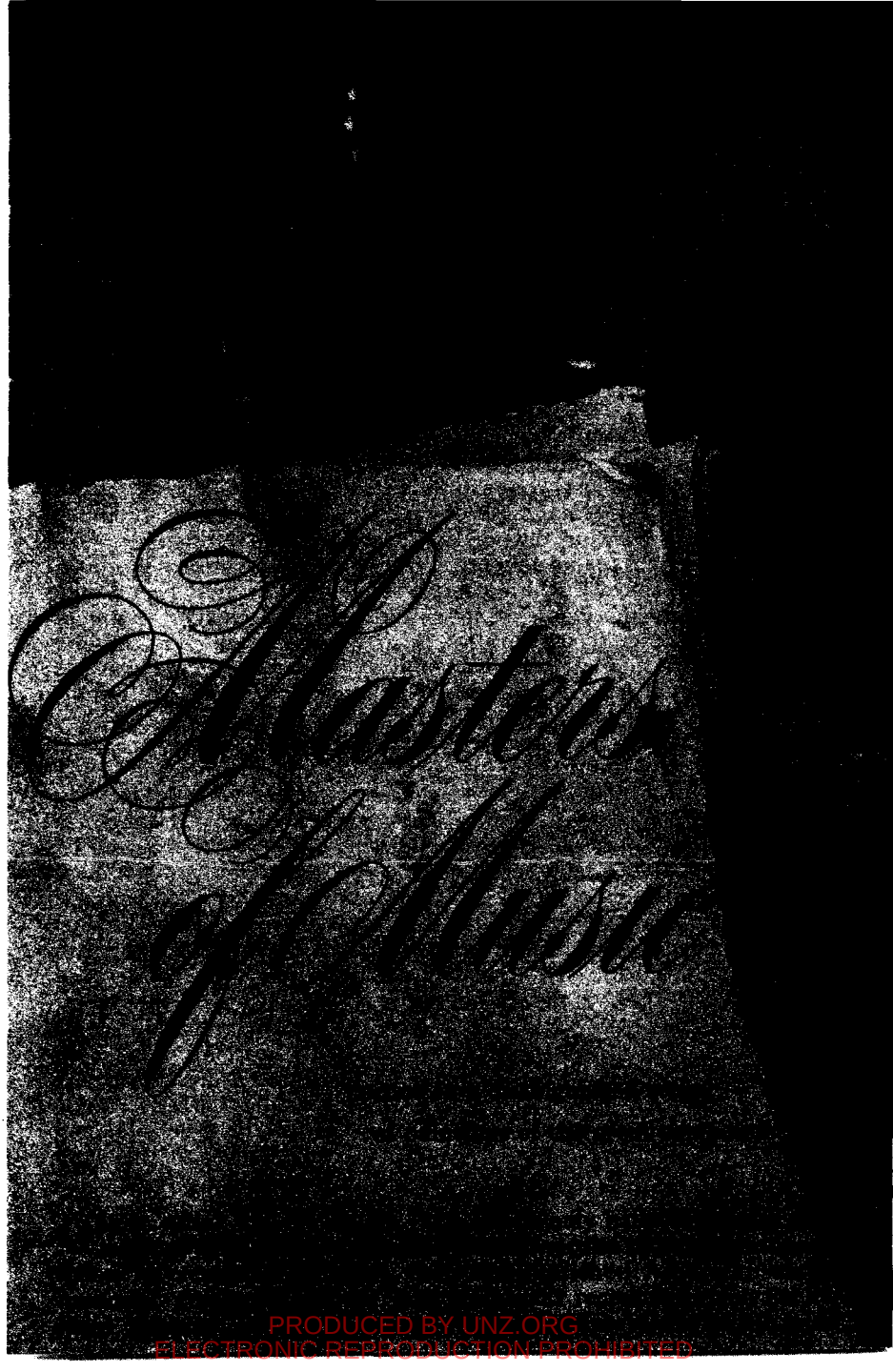

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Bach.

For nearly 100 years after his death, the music of Johann Sebastian Bach slumbered. Then it awakened to proclaim the grandeur of a man who had addressed God . . .

THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE, Bach strove relentlessly to improve the music of his time. His countrymen proclaimed his genius as an organist and conductor, but his own brilliant, complex, and imaginative creations bewildered and offended the devout burghers of the churches that provided Bach with the great part of his livelihood. Consequently, Bach, now almost universally recognized as the greatest composer of all time, was never accorded the full rewards of his greatness. And in death he was soon—and for many years—the forgotten genius.

However, the fiercely independent Bach achieved deep happiness in his dedication to music. Born in Eisenach in 1685, he was an accomplished musician at the age of 10. Following the death of his parents, he lived with an elder brother, a church organist. There, refused permission to use several precious manuscripts, young Bach stole the music and copied it by moonlight. Then he would guilelessly practice and play the forbidden compositions at the church organ.

As a man, his career was stormy. Two wives bore him twenty children, and his struggle to support such a large family was considerable. After serving several courts in Germany—not always with happy results—he accepted the arduous duties of cantor at St. Thomas' in Leipzig. There he remained for 27 years, fulfilling his demanding duties, and also pouring out the magnificent Passions, Masses, Oratorios, and Cantatas that brought him undying fame. Weddings and funerals, however, he once noted wryly in a letter, were needed to bolster his income.

Near the end of his life, he became blind. An operation on his eyes was unsuccessful, and in his last, pain-wracked days, he dictated a cantata entitled *Oh Lord, When In Direst Need We Are*. Then, as death approached, he asked for the hymn, and in his feeble hand scribbled a new title to the lovely composition —*Before Thy Throne, Oh Lord, With This I Come*. . . .

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Wagner

The thundering music of Richard Wagner symbolized the unconquerable spirit and passionate vision of a man obsessed by the dream of bringing the world a new music . . .

WAGNER'S CAREER was a chaotic tapestry, woven of threads of bitter disappointment and great triumph; near-starvation and superlative luxury; critical ridicule and universal acclaim. Tempestuous, impatient, possessed of driving energy, he hurled his heroic operas at the musical world, and lived, at last, to see these fiery works enshrined in an opera house designed solely for their production.

Born in Leipzig in 1813, Wagner showed early signs of artistic temperament. While still a schoolboy, he wrote an imitative Shakespearean tragedy, and in an excess of enthusiasm killed off most of the characters in the first act. Then, at 15, he heard Beethoven's symphonies. From that moment on, music became his feverish obsession.

Conventional, Italian-style operas were then the fashion. Wagner, with characteristic defiance, chose to write violent, dramatic works. With few exceptions, his compositions perplexed his audiences. His personal life was equally explosive. Unhappily mated to his first wife, who could not understand his chaotic temperament and dreams of grandeur, he found solace with other, more sympathetic ladies. He loved wealth, and ruthlessly exploited all who offered him patronage. Finally, following a political indiscretion, he lived in exile in Switzerland for 12 years.

His staunch and devoted friend throughout these bitter years was Franz Liszt. Encouraged by the great composer, he persisted doggedly. Finally, following his wife's death, Wagner married Cosima, Liszt's daughter.

Only near the end of his life did complete success dramatically arrive. His works began to gain critical acclaim. Wagner cults sprang up all over Europe. Wagner worked like a man inspired. And soon, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and finally *Parsifal* crowned the legend of a musical giant who did not charm, but chose to conquer, the fickle mistress—fame.

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Mozart

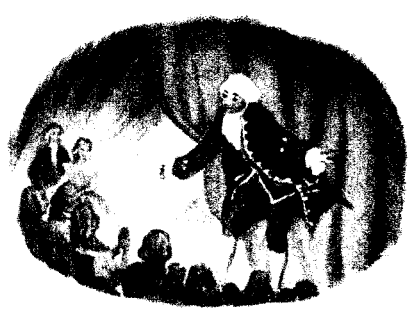
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart found in music a magic mirror for his own soaring spirit. As a child he played for emperors, as a man he created beauty for the woman he loved . . .

MOZART was the most amazing child prodigy ever known to music. Born in Austria in 1756, he could play brilliantly by the time he was five years old. A year later, his father took the lad on a triumphant concert tour of Europe.

Audiences sat enthralled as his small, delicate hands wove an enchanted musical spell. In Vienna, the Emperor called him "a tiny magician," and allowed him to play in the palace halls with another child destined for fame—the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

At 14, Mozart played for the Pope, who was so impressed by the youth's genius that he bestowed a title upon him. Soon afterwards, Mozart became a musician in the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and his days of success ended.

Thereafter, until his death at 36, Mozart never again attained the heights of fame. Disappointed in his first love, he married a younger sister in the same family. Equally gentle, impractical and naïve, the couple found happiness in their spare existence. Often they danced in their unheated room to keep warm. Mozart composed at a feverish rate, but even his masterpieces, like the opera *Don Giovanni*, brought only a meager return.



Yet their love held all the delicate beauty of Mozart's music. While he composed the dramatic overture to *Don Giovanni*, Louisa read him fairy tales. The work, performed without rehearsal, was hailed as one of his greatest compositions.

Mozart's poetic nature emerged even in death. One day a stranger, dressed in black, appeared and requested Mozart to compose a *Requiem*. As he developed the monumental work, he became more and more convinced that the music portended his own death. And true to his premonition, he died before the *Requiem* was finished.

His body was laid in a pauper's grave, while the heavens wept. The few mourners turned back—and only Mozart's haunting melodies remained to testify that a genius had briefly touched the earth.

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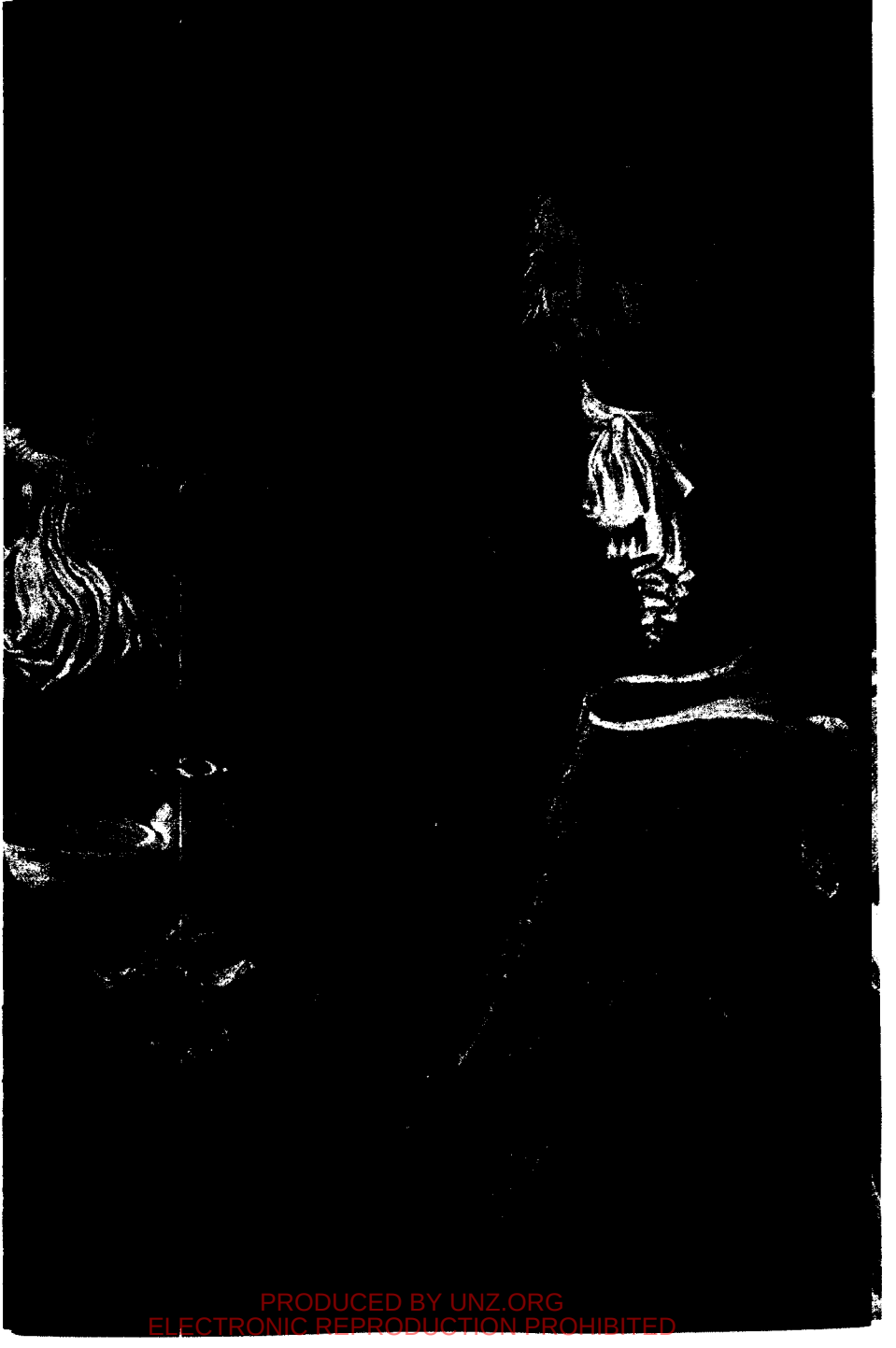

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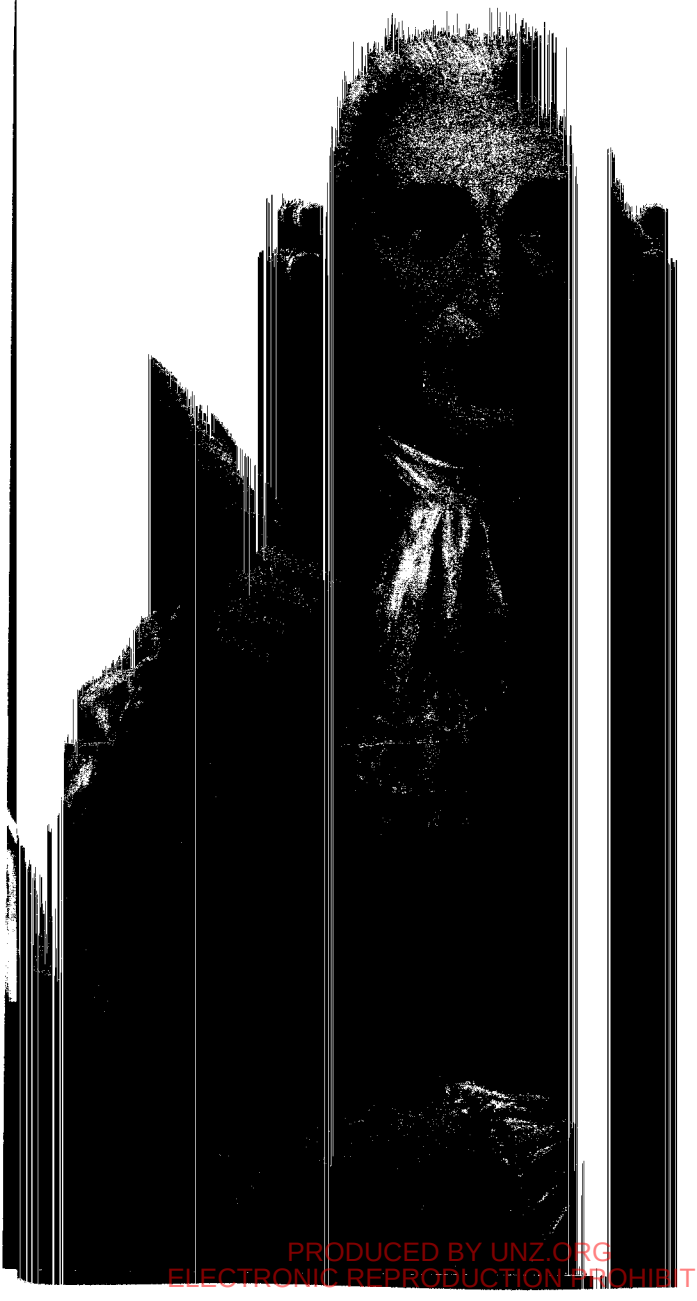

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Haydn

Franz Joseph Haydn was a simple village lad who loved to sing. Yet he was destined, at the end of a long life, to stand on the threshold of immortality as the beloved father of the symphony.

FAME AND VENERATION came to Haydn during his lifetime, but only in the long perspective of centuries has his truly gigantic stature been revealed. Haydn would have preferred it so. A man of great simplicity, to him a newly heard folksong meant as much as the applause of the crowned heads of Europe, and songs of the people, the meadows, and the hills flow like sunlight through his music.

Born of humble stock, he left home at the age of six, in the guardianship of a distant relative. Nine years later, after an unhappy period as a choir soloist in Vienna, he was penniless. Undiscouraged, he found employment as a music teacher, continuing his studies in the face of stern hardships. Misfortunes, however, could not turn his good humor to bitterness, and eventually he won the patronage of the warm-hearted Prince Esterhazy.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

In the 30 years of this association, Haydn perfected the new musical techniques of symphonic arrangement and orchestration which earned him undying fame, and which were later adopted by Mozart and Beethoven, two of his most promising "pupils."

Although unhappily married to a shrewish wife, Haydn was seldom depressed. Deeply sensitive, he found a tender and understanding companion in the lovely Mademoiselle Poselli, one of his singers.

Though acclaimed in his old age as a genius, Haydn never lost his simplicity. When a performance of his inspired oratorio *The Creation* was given in Vienna, a burst of sunlight accompanied the phrase *Let there be light*—. The audience looked up, awe-struck, to Haydn's box. With tears in his eyes, Haydn pointed toward heaven. "It came from there," he whispered.

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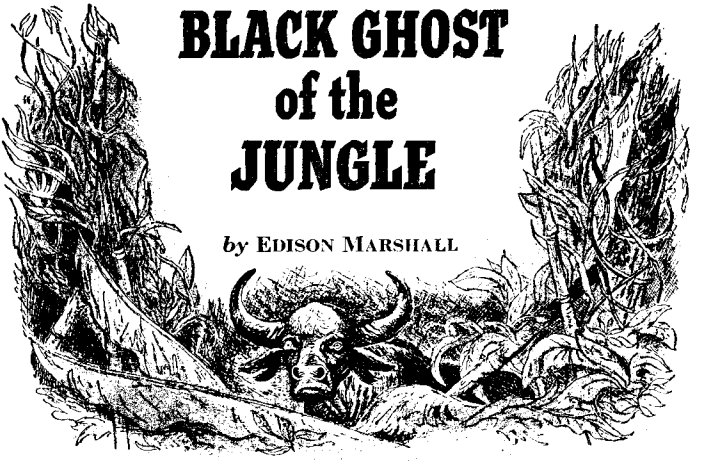

BLACK GHOST of the JUNGLE

by EDISON MARSHALL

A big-game hunter tells the exciting story of his battle with a deadly sladang

THE ONLY WORD that fits the Indo-China jungle is "sinister." It is too beautiful, too green, too inviting. You see no movement, hear no sound. Yet, all the time, death lurks only a few yards away.

I went to Indo-China to hunt the sladang — biggest and most ferocious horned animal in the world. The name had a thrilling ring in my ear. I admired the way my veteran French guide, Francis Defosse, rolled it off his tongue. Any tenderfoot with fair luck could get a tiger, he said, but great skill and determination were needed to bring down one of these giant wild oxen of the jungle.

In a voice of respect, Defosse described the animal's elusive ways, his huge size—standing as high as seven feet at the shoulders—his implacable ferocity. He also told me that the best trophies of all are the old bulls, exiled to solitary lives in the jungle. They are the largest, the meanest, the most wary.

When a young herd bull hears the sound of a breaking twig in the thickets, he thinks it is one of his stray calves, and continues feeding. But when an old patriarch hears the rustle of a leaf, he is on his feet and listening. At the slightest warning, he slips like a black ghost into the vines and nothing is left for the hunter but his big tracks, cut deep in the soft earth.

For days, Defosse and I hunted the sladang feeding grounds. Often we searched in vain, finding nothing but stale spoor. Often we followed the wary herd until the afternoon rains—a regular feature of the summer season — wiped out the tracks. Often my clumsy step flushed the herd just too soon, and we would hear the great beasts stampeding through the jungle. Finally came a morning when De-

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fosse went scouting alone, into the virgin forests to the north. As soon as he had left, I took two of the Mois (natives), one of whom was a first-class tracker, and the three of us headed for the great tangle of elephant grass and thorn jungle five miles west of camp.

We left at 5:30. By 8 o'clock, I was wet through with a mixture of sweat and dew, the sun was changing the elephant-grass plains into a great double-boiler, and I was seriously considering returning to camp for a full day's sleep. Then, while crossing an old trail, I noticed a big bovine track in the mud of yesterday's rains.

A lone track is often deceiving, however, especially in the mud. It might be that of a tame ox. The boys looked and uttered a series of grunts. I thought I saw excitement in their dark, impassive faces.

"Sladang?" I asked.

But they did not understand. So I resorted to sign language. I indicated a very large animal, then a smaller one, with a free gesture portraying the sweeping horns. Their nods indicated that this was, indeed, a very large animal.

At once we went filing through the jungle, the old tracker in front, myself second, the water boy third. The two natives stole along almost like shadows. I managed my big boots as carefully as I could.

BEFORE LONG, we found a huge pile of warm dung. The animal had passed not more than half an hour before. Obviously, this beast had finished his morning feeding and was seeking some cool retreat in the forest.

The trail led us into one of the darkest and weirdest jungles I had yet seen. The trees were covered with creepers, and great vines dangled like pythons.

Soon we came to a stream. Here the trail circled, crossing and recrossing, as the beast sought a place to lie down. And then, without warning, we heard a mighty crashing 50 yards ahead. A black shape burst through the brush.

It was a sladang—and he had heard my clumsy feet. Apparently our great chance was lost.

But there was a rift in the trees 20 yards farther, through which the bull might pass. I hopped upon a near-by anthill, the butt plate of my .404 rifle jumping against my shoulder. At the same instant the great black ghost burst through the vines and emerged into open forest.

I don't remember aiming or touching the trigger, but the gun roared and the animal disappeared in the thickets.

Why had I shot so recklessly? We might have bided our time, followed him till evening, and caught him feeding. Cursing myself, sick with disappointment, I walked up to examine the ground.

As the three of us crept through the glade, the old tracker pointed to the ground. What a double-barreled thrill! On the green leaves was a smear of blood. Somewhere in the thick jungle beyond ran a wounded sladang!

Now began the most thrilling trek of my big-game career. There was no more blood—not one drop. Right from the start I was faced with the possibility that my bullet had merely scratched the animal.

Was he running or walking? After we had followed him an hour, this

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became a vital question. If he was running, he was not badly hurt and we were wasting our time.

I tried to find out from the boys, acting out the animal running, then walking. They nodded and smiled whether I walked or ran.

We moved too cautiously at first. I recalled all I had heard of the fury of a wounded sladang. Moreover, the ground was his, not ours. There were a thousand places where he could lurk in ambush and have his horns under us before I could raise my rifle. By going so slowly, perhaps we were throwing away our only chance.

After a time, we gained courage. We plowed through the ten-foot elephant grass and crashed into the thickets. But at noon we were apparently no nearer our quarry. The boys pointed to the gathering clouds and shook their heads. If the rains broke on time, they would wipe out the tracks and end the hunt.

The trail led us through bogs, across steaming grass plains, over creek banks. By 1:30, my feet were swollen and raw. And still not one drop of blood to encourage us on.

I had just resolved to try for half an hour more, then head for camp, when the tracks turned from the grassy plain into a patch of jungle. The younger boy was now walking in front. He pushed through the thickets 30 feet ahead of me. And then, without the least warning, the top blew off.

THE EVENTS of the next few seconds were so explosively crowded upon each other that my senses could hardly take them all in. The scene was instinct with violence and peril and a revelation of the jungle's savage power—the kind of crisis that overtakes a big-game hunter rarely in all his days.

There rose a yell of terror, a bellow of rage. Thirty feet ahead, through a rift in the trees, I saw the boy spring to the left and knew from his all-out wrench that he was leaping for his life. Instantly, he disappeared, and a second later a great shape lunged by the opening.

This was the end of the trail. With noble courage, the old bull had come to bay, determined to join battle with us. He had chosen the ground—a fairly open glade 60 feet long—taking his stand at one end and facing the back trail. But his brute brain had betrayed him. He had sought a clean view of his foe; he did not know we carried a weapon that could destroy him from a distance. Had he laid his ambush in the blind elephant grass, his revenge would have been sure.

The instant the Moi tracker had entered the open ground, the bull had charged. Fast as I could, I ran down the trail to the native's help. The terrified tracker had evidently dodged around one tree with the bull close behind and now was reaching for another. The sladang was surging toward him; his head was lowered and starting a great sweeping movement of his horns.

The thought jumped through my mind, "I can't shoot fast enough." On the way to my shoulder, the rifle went off in my hands. Swinging the barrel in the general direction, I had blazed at the black mass.

The bullet weighed 400 grains and struck a two-ton blow. Hitting the sladang in the flank, it appeared to shove him sideways and almost knock him down. Above his low-

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ered horns, I saw the boy grab the trunk of the tree and run up it like a monkey. The bull's hind hoofs scrabbled to keep his balance, his forequarters swung toward me. That brought him up facing me, not more than ten feet distant.

My hand was racing to work the bolt and throw in another cartridge. The action seemed to take a nightmare length of time, but I could not run and dodge like a Moi tracker. I was too slow and awkward to climb a tree, and the only boost I could count on was from the horns of the sladang.

The rifle bolt shot home. At the same instant, the sladang discovered me, another enemy, in one glare of his fierce eyes. With a snort, he moved to attack. I saw his knees bend as his huge thighs propelled him forward. But his lowering head presented a perfect target. My rifle swung too fast for him, then blazed.

That was the end of the sladang. Crashing through the heavy bones, the bullet destroyed the animal's brain and killed him instantly. He rolled over almost at my feet.

I let out a yell as the bull toppled, then stood there, unable to move. When the tracker climbed down from his tree and came up grinning, I couldn't make a sound.

This affair with the sladang was a perfect big-game adventure. It was like a well-contrived play with a smashing climax—such drama with such a happy ending is rare on the hunting grounds.

No wonder that ever afterward I considered the great sladang the finest trophy in the world. Defosse, too, was to be greatly impressed with the whole event. Other hunters have since told me how he would take them to that very glade where the big bull made his last charge, and say: "Here is where Mr. Mar-*shall* killed his sladang."

For a big-game hunter, this kind of recognition makes all the risks worth while.

Ad-vice

From a Massachusetts Apartments-wanted column—"WANTED BY VETERAN and bride-to-be: 3-room unfurnished apartment. No children." —NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

From a summer vacation column—"Ideal country boarding house: Meals, Golf, Tennis, and Bridget." —*Pipe Dreams*

From a Colorado classified section—"WANTED: Housekeeper for lone man. You may have one child." —LOUISE H. MAYHALL

From a Washington daily—"New Hospital Plan: Entire Family Protected from Sickness, Accidents & Childbirth." —*Tim Taylor*

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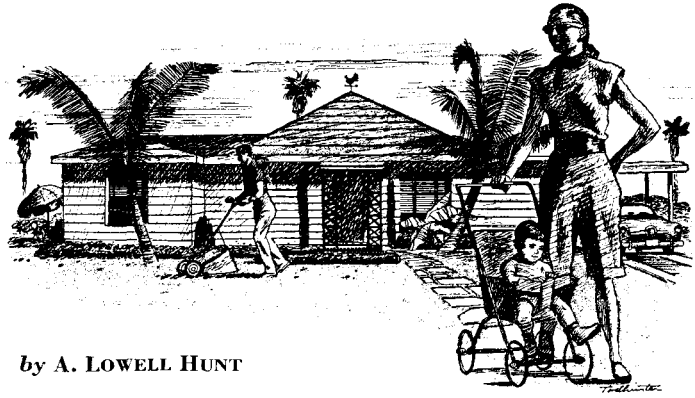
Want to Live in FLORIDA?



by A. LOWELL HUNT

"The Empire of the Sun" is not just a winter playground—it's a year-round paradise

"SUNSHINE AND high prices. That's all Florida has to offer!"

So reported a friend of mine when he returned to New York after a flying trip to Florida's publicized "Gold Coast."

Far be it from me to deny this individual the right to express his views, but I doubt that he would be willing to accept an opinion of his own home state which was based on impressions formed by you or me after a few days' fling on Broadway.

Several million people from all parts of the globe go to Florida annually to enjoy the climate and recreational facilities. But like our friend from New York, far too many visitors leave with only a vague conception of what the state is really like.

To thousands of people, Florida is just a place to spend a vacation. But to other thousands it is the state they hope to reside in some day. Each year the vacationer, the homeseeker, the businessman, and the worker all show an increasing interest in Florida. Many of them are wondering if they could find a sunnier future there.

Before going to Florida to live, I was in the same predicament. I had worked for 15 years building up a manufacturing business in Missouri, but at every opportunity I went to Florida for a vacation, staying a little longer each time. Finally I sold my business and moved to Florida.

Let's take a good look at the state few people really know. You will probably be surprised to learn that the northern boundary is 100 miles

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south of the southern boundary of California, and that Miami is approximately 600 miles south of Los Angeles.

Because Florida is on the east coast of the U. S., most people think of it as being directly south of such cities as New York or Baltimore. Actually, peninsular Florida lies west of Pennsylvania and almost directly south of Ohio.

Florida has 1,500 miles of coastline, considerably more than any other state in the Union. What's more, along this coastline are 800 miles of sandy beaches—the finest in the world. Seventy miles is the maximum distance most people who live inland have to travel to reach one of these beaches.

As you drive over Florida's vast highway system, you will pass through beautiful forests, you will see thousands of acres of citrus trees, other thousands of acres planted in vegetables which are shipped throughout America.

You will see cattle grazing on green pastures, and, at the roadside markets, poultry and eggs produced on Florida farms.

You will see beautiful homes, large and small, many surrounded by tropical plants and shrubs.

Modern public schools as well as private and vocational schools are available. To add to the cultural facilities are universities and colleges, offering advanced instruction in every field of learning. And churches of all denominations play an important part in the spiritual stability of every community.

Within or near the cities and towns, you will see manufacturing plants and processing industries. And last but not least, you will see Florida's excellent shipping and transportation facilities, which provide means of distributing its products by air, rail, and water throughout the world.

Florida is a state where you will find delightful year-round climate and unmatched opportunity for relaxation and play. Above all, it offers you the opportunity of enjoying the better things of life in a pleasant environment of culture and refinement.

THE ERA WHEN Florida was a rich man's playground is long since past. Five million people now visit the state each year, and 80 per cent come by car.

A vacation costs no more in Florida than in any other state, and you can have just as much fun as the wealthiest tourist.

But it isn't necessary to come to Florida during the winter to enjoy a vacation in this air-conditioned state. Florida is being discovered by thousands every year as an ideal summer resort, where the weather is often cooler than in your own home town.

But regardless of whether you are planning to attend a convention, go to school, look for a job or business opportunity, or enjoy your honeymoon—and no matter if you want to fish or just soak up sunshine—take my advice and see as much of Florida as you can.

If, after returning home, you become conscious of a tugging at your heart for Florida, this will be a sign that while you were here you got "sand in your shoes." It means that it's time to consider Florida as your home.

Not long ago a friend wrote me:

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"I understand it costs money just to breathe the Florida air." Nothing could be further from the truth. Most of us who make our homes here are just ordinary people with ordinary incomes.

Of course you can throw your money away here, the same as anywhere else. You can go to a swanky night club and pay $25 for sandwiches, plus cover charge and floor show. Or you can go to a near-by drive-in and still get a "hot dog" for a dime.

You probably can get along on a shoestring in this state better than in most places. But don't get the idea that you can get by on nothing at all. You can't.

Your food bill in Florida will be about the same as in any other state. However, fruits and vegetables are very low-priced during the harvesting seasons. If you live in the citrus belt, you probably will have orange and grapefruit trees in your back yard.

Florida is becoming an important cattle-producing state, which helps to keep meat prices in line. And since good fishing abounds in Florida, there is always an opportunity to economize by landing a few bass or perch in the inland lakes, or by catching other varieties of fish in the Atlantic and Gulf.

As to clothing: the object is not how many clothes you have or how fine they are; comfort is the chief concern. You are completely free of the intolerable burden of "keeping up with the Joneses."

Heavy clothing is definitely not needed in Florida. Men never wear overcoats, seldom wear topcoats, and only once in a while wear suit coats. In fact, the average man will save from $50 to $100 a year on suit purchases alone.

Housewives mostly do their daily chores dressed in shorts. Some wear the same attire for a trip to market. Others prefer lightweight cotton prints for shopping and afternoon wear. Sandals and playshoes are in evidence all year. Hats are reserved for more formal occasions. Stockings are seldom worn.

There are many other economies peculiar to living in Florida. Your house requires little heat, and fuel bills are negligible.

Now let's take a look at that very important cost-of-living item—housing. There are five ways to get a roof over your head in Florida. You can pay rent, live in a trailer, park your boat at a dock, build your own house, or buy a home already built.

Incidentally, the best way to get up-to-date information regarding rentals or other housing, aside from coming here in person, is to subscribe to a newspaper from the particular locality in which you are most interested.

Trailer life is one of the most economical ways to live in Florida. There are thousands of trailer parks in Florida. Some are among the most modern in the world, complete with water connections, metered electric service, free garbage disposal, showers, and toilets, as well as recreational facilities, children's playgrounds, and near-by shopping centers. Compared with living in a fixed home, trailer life is not only easy but cheap.

Many people have learned they can live comfortably in a smaller and less expensive house in Florida. This is because so much more time

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is spent outdoors. A screened or glassed-in porch is a must in your Florida home, and you will find it to be one of the most lived-in places in the house.

Building a home in Florida is somewhat different from building a home in Northern climates. There are many savings: construction work never stops because of winter weather. Most medium-sized houses are constructed of hollow tile or concrete blocks.

Few homes here are built with basements, since they are not needed for furnaces. Another economy is the substitution of an inexpensive car port for a garage.

Perhaps you would like to follow the example of a neighbor of mine who came to Florida in a trailer. He bought a lot, parked the trailer on it, and built his house in leisure time. He lived in the trailer while building and avoided paying rent. When he finished his home and was ready to move into it, he sold the trailer.

YOU HAVE PROBABLY wondered about the claims that have been made concerning Florida and health. Not being a physician, I am unqualified to give you professional advice. However, I have made an extensive investigation of this very important subject.

The facts are that Florida's pure air, year-round health-giving climate, vitamin-packed fruits and vegetables, and relaxing atmosphere do assist not only those who come here to maintain a sound body and mind, but also those who seek to recuperate from physical ailments and mental fatigue.

In Florida, you can get your mind off worries and be relieved of tension. Those who suffer from cardiac ailments can add years to their lives. Persons having a heart or kidney condition are adversely affected by extremes of heat and cold. Temperature variations in Florida are so mild that visitors suffering from such ailments are usually much improved after living in this state.

The even temperature and sunshine are also of great value in the prevention and treatment of arthritis, sinus trouble, pneumonia, and other respiratory ills, and various skin diseases. And the climate is especially good for old folks. Here they can be outdoors the year round, instead of being confined by winter weather.

Preparation for retirement is very important. Just because you have reached this milestone in your life, don't look upon it as merely an opportunity to spend the rest of your days in idleness. It is never too late to develop a hobby, and it seems that some people never get too old to start a new one.

Sometimes a hobby which pays dollar dividends is best. If, for example, you have enough ground around your home, a few orange and grapefruit trees plus a vegetable garden will help to meet the food requirements of your family.

What if you want a job in Florida? You are not alone. Thousands of others do, too. But there is a right way and a wrong way to go about getting it.

A most important point to remember is that a change of vocation may be necessary. Types of industry and kinds of employment differ in various localities. Florida

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is best known as a vacation land and for its citrus fruit. This does not mean, however, that everyone who lives here works in an orange grove, a fruit packing plant, or at a resort hotel.

I believe that people thinking seriously of coming to Florida to live and work should first tour the state. You should see all of Florida, if possible, before you start looking for a job. By doing so, you can answer two important questions: where you would like to locate, and which cities offer the best possibilities for employment.

By now you are probably asking: "How can I get away from my present job long enough to make such a trip?"

I would suggest that you use your regular vacation to look around the state. A Florida vacation will cost no more than a vacation elsewhere, and it will be just as much fun. Meanwhile, job opportunities can be sized up.

Let me caution you against the mistake of coming here without enough money to take care of your immediate needs, job or no job. Too many expect to find employment at once. It may require several weeks to get what you want.

Business opportunities in Florida are almost limitless. Yet the state has no magic formula for overnight success. Initiative, hard work, adequate capital, and experience are necessary.

First, let us consider retail stores, personal-service establishments, and professional careers in Florida.

If you prefer to buy a going concern, a real-estate broker specializing in business properties can be of assistance. Thorough investigation should be made personally. Don't buy a business sight unseen.

Another precaution is this: many businesses here are of a seasonal nature. While Florida is rapidly becoming a year-round resort state, this does not mean that you will have sufficient customers during the summer to maintain a satisfactory volume of business.

While good buys can often be found among established businesses, I believe one of the most promising methods is to start in a new location. The many suburban communities in Florida offer splendid opportunities for the retailer, service-establishment operator and professional man. There are hundreds of such communities throughout the state which are developing rapidly.

One opportunity which holds unusual promise for many a small businessman is that of establishing a distributorship in Florida for products not yet manufactured or sold in the state. The alert salesman who observes new products offered in New York or other large cities, where they are being introduced, can often become a jobber or distributor for such products in other parts of the country.

WHO ARE THE THOUSANDS of people who will move to Florida during the next several decades? Why will they come here, and where will they come from?

They will be retired people from almost everywhere who will come because they want to live longer, happier, and healthier lives. They will be business and professional men and their families from cities and towns all over the nation, who will come to take advantage of the

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many opportunities to be found here. They will be workers from crowded industrial centers who will seek employment in Florida's expanding industries.

They will be farmers from the North who will settle on Florida's vast and undeveloped acres of land. They will be students from all over the world who will come to attend the extended educational facilities in this state.

All of these and many more will come to Florida, where they can live more cheaply and longer; where they will be through with ice, sleet, snow, and furnace-tending; where they can be outdoors every day in the sunshine; where they can grow fresh fruits and vegetables every month of the year; where they can escape the nerve-wracking strain of city life; and where they will be less affected by economic adversities.

The late Henry Ford, when asked his opinion of the future of this state, said: "Florida has everything we Northerners want and need. Whatever it is that we didn't have at home, we can find here—and all the comforts of home, too. I figure that more and more Northern people will migrate to take advantage of the pleasures and opportunities of this wonderland."

Florida, perennial host to the nation, never takes in its welcome sign. Winter, summer, spring, and fall, this "Empire of the Sun" extends its invitation to come and enjoy its matchless climate and recreational facilities, while one scans its ever-widening horizons of education, business, industry, and agriculture.

Accidental Intelligence

I JUST READ where 25 per cent of the men who get married proposed while driving a car, which only goes to show that more accidents happen on the road than anywhere else. —HERB SHRINER

THE DRUGGIST was preparing to close up for the night. He was reaching for the light switch when one of his customers came limping into the store.

"Give me some Arnica," the cripple wearily demanded.

"What's the matter, Henry?" the druggist asked sympathetically.

"Oh, it's that dratted housecleaning again," Henry rejoined.

"Oh, ho," chortled the pill-pusher, "so your wife roped you into that again!"

"Nope," replied Henry. "It wasn't that. I came home tonight, and sat down where the sofa was yesterday." —*Wall Street Journal*

"HOW DID THIS terrible accident happen?" asked the horrified policeman.

"My wife fell asleep in the back seat," mumbled the dazed motorist. —*Insurance Digest*

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OUR HUMAN

HORACE GREELEY, the famous editor of the New York *Tribune*, was noted in his day for having about the most illegible handwriting of any man known.

One day he wrote an editorial that the typesetter could hardly figure out, and as it was written just before the paper went to press, too late for correction, it contained, when printed, some ludicrous errors. When Greeley read it, he fussed and fumed, then "fired" the compositor on the spot. In fact, he was so enraged that he wrote a note denouncing the man for his stupidity.

The typesetter went around to the office of a rival newspaper and asked for a job.

"Have you any recommendations?" asked the foreman.

"Sure," said the man. "I've got a letter from Mr. Greeley." And he produced the letter in which Mr. Greeley called him all sorts of names.

The foreman glanced at it, but of course he couldn't read the script. "That's good enough," he said. "Come to work tomorrow morning."

—*Cheerivoxy*

THE LATE COLUMNIST, Heywood Broun, was one of Manhattan's most notable trenchermen. He could put away more food than a blacksmith at a barbecue.

One day, at a favorite restaurant, the waiter handed Broun the lengthy menu and waited for his order. The big columnist perused with care the countless items listed, and, handing the bill of fare back to the waiter, genially exclaimed, "I see nothing to object to."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

JUST AFTER THE BABY had been born, the nurse in the maternity ward approached the expectant father and asked: "What is it you wanted, sir—a boy or girl?"

"Oh, I wanted a boy," the father answered excitedly.

"I'm terribly sorry, then; it's a girl," she said.

"Oh, well, that's all right," he laughed in a relieved tone, "that was my next choice, anyway."

—CHRISTINA DYKES

AN IRATE MOTHER marched up to the credit department of a big toy store and complained, "This water pistol you sold me is no good. See —" She pointed the gun at the credit manager, pulled the trigger, and caught him squarely in the eye with a stream of purple ink.

"That's funny," she mused. "It didn't work yesterday." —BENNETT CERF

IN A NEW YORK schoolroom, the teacher, during a talk on George Washington, illustrated her remarks by showing the youngsters a picture

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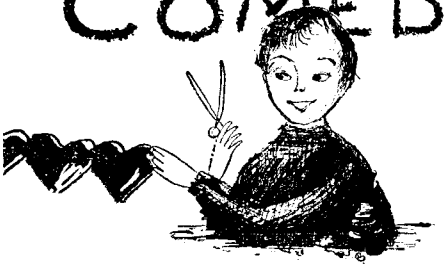
COMEDY



of Mt. Vernon. "This," she explained, "is where George Washington lived."

One little fellow looked at the picture earnestly for a moment and then asked: "What floor?"

—FRANCES RODMAN

ONE DAY A COLLEGE president and a guest were riding along a country road when they came upon two students laboring unsuccessfully to start a ramshackle Model T Ford. The sight was too much for the tall, pleasant-faced gentleman seated beside the educator. Leaning out of the car, he caught the eye of one of the boys and shouted derisively, "Get a horse!"

The harassed young man started to reply in kind, when he caught a glimpse of the president; whereupon he threw up his hands in hopeless disgust and subsided on the running board like a punctured balloon. His tormentor was touched. Pulling out a notebook, he jotted down a pertinent bit of information.

A few days later the owner of the Model T received an astonishing communication. It was a letter from a Ford agency near the college, stating that if the owner would bring in car bearing license number so-and-so they would be happy to take it in even exchange for a brand-new model!

Henry Ford had had his laugh, and now he was paying for it!

—SIDNEY TENNANT

THREE MEN WERE sitting on a park bench. The man in the middle was sitting quietly, as though asleep. But the men on either side of him were going through the motions of fishing. With deadly seriousness they would cast, jerk their lines gently, then swiftly wind imaginary reels. This had been going on for some time when a policeman sauntered over, shook the man in the middle awake and demanded: "Are these two nuts friends of yours?"

"Yes, officer," said the man.

"Well, get them out of here then."

"Right away, officer," said the man, and began rowing vigorously.

—JEROME P. FLEISHMAN

BACK IN THE early days of women's struggle for emancipation, an elderly spinster who was an ardent suffragette more than occasionally found herself in jail. As it was for a good cause, these sessions behind bars fazed her not a bit. On one occasion she found a young suffragette, in for the first time, sobbing in the next cell.

Finally, the old lady banged on the wall between them and shouted: "Stop that crying, girl! Just start praying to God—*She* will protect you!"

—MARY ALKUS

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The Radio Drama of V-J Day

Tense and gripping is this true story of 15 desperate hours when men died in vain

by **MORTON SONTHEIMER**

WORLD WAR II officially ended on August 14, 1945. But few people ever knew that the conflict rolled on for 15 hours after that, while the greatest radio drama in history took place—unscripted and unrehearsed—around the world.

In a bomb-wrecked building in Manila, I stood with a handful of Army Signal Corps officers and men who will never forget those 15 desperate hours. The conflict raged on because, despite the fact that the most powerful radio communications resources the world has ever known were all beamed on the same objective—Radio Tokyo—there was no response.

The mystery of that silence has never been entirely solved. The key seems to lie somewhere in the chaos, fear, ineptitude and robot-like discipline that lay over Tokyo.

The drama began at 9 A.M. Manila time on August 15, (8 P.M. August 14, Eastern Standard Time). In the midst of a routine radio-teletype conference between GHQ officers in Manila and the War Department in Washington, the teletype suddenly began printing: stand by for important mes-

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sage **** from Marshall to MacArthur **** you are hereby notified of Japanese capitulation ****

Then began what was to grow into a world-wide effort to re-establish direct radio contact between America and Japan, severed since the attack on Pearl Harbor. It centered in the bullet-pocked Radio Operations Room in Manila.

The Japanese Imperial Government had capitulated, but until we could get word to Tokyo to "cease hostilities," blood would continue to flow. In the islands, in Asia, on the high seas, desperate Japanese wouldn't stop fighting until their Emperor ordered them to do so.

Callous people might have said the war had been going on for six long years, so what were a few hours more? But you don't get that war-hardened when, save for a few miles of safety, your own blood might be pouring into the mud.

A master sergeant outside the Operations Room made the urgency articulate. "Don't snafu that message," he said. "I got a kid brother up on the perimeter, and I'd hate to lose him now."

Our radio operators began trying to establish contact with JUM, the Tokyo station that had handled commercial traffic with the U. S. before the war. Over and over again, in English and in Kana and Romaji, the two adaptations of the Japanese language to Morse Code, they hammered out a single call: JUM from WTA (Manila) we have an urgent message for you.

JUM did not reply.

"Get any Tokyo station, then!" the Radio Officer ordered.

But Tokyo ignored us.

Maj. Gen. Spencer B. Akin, MacArthur's Chief Signal Officer, had a battleship in Manila Bay send out a call to JUM on the international distress frequency. The Air Force sent the call on our meteorological frequency, which the Japs were known to listen to assiduously. But from Tokyo came no reply.

Finally, after seven hours, Akin enlisted the aid of stations all over the world. Berne, Madrid, Lisbon, New York, Washington, Alaska, Honolulu, San Francisco, Moscow, Chungking—all started keying the same words to Tokyo: we have an urgent message for you.

UPTOWN IN MANILA, people were celebrating victory. On Market Street in San Francisco, at Times Square in New York, crowds were deliriously hailing V-J Day. But not far from the tense group clustered around Position Tokyo in the Radio Room, another operator was receiving the day's casualty lists, every name a vain sacrifice in a war officially over.

Hour after hour, the same men remained at the keys or with headphones on. Once we broke into a conversation between Tokyo and

Now It Can Be Told

OFFICIAL WASHINGTON considers events of the last days of World War II—when the long struggle was ended, and yet continued to rage with unabated fury—highly controversial.

This now-it-can-be-told account by a Signal Corps captain is his Corps' version of the heartbreaking drama that took place in Manila during those final hours before the order to cease fire could be given.

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Taihoku and got an acknowledgement. But before we could start our message, the Jap operator began sending us cryptographed Japanese military traffic. He apparently thought we were a Japanese station —in Manila, in August, 1945!

"It's no use," a harried Signal Officer said. "Dial back to JUM."

Any short-wave listener could have heard stations all over the world calling Tokyo, calling Tokyo, calling Tokyo. But JUM was blandly sending financial messages to Handelsbank, Stockholm.

The Operations Room Clock crept past 2300—11 P.M. In America it was the day after the war ended. On fighting fronts it was the same as yesterday and the day before. On the air, JUM was receiving from a Jap station in Singapore.

Once again we tried to break in. This time, our operator held up his hand for attention. "JUM just told Singapore to stand by," he said breathlessly. Then, "Tokyo acknowledges us!"

Immediately, urgent messages poured in from other radio stations, informing us that JUM had responded. Stations everywhere had been listening in on the great radio drama, and they all wanted to make sure that Manila didn't miss its cue.

Soon this message was going through to Japan over the signature, "MacArthur": Pursuant to the acceptance of terms of surrender of the allied powers by the emperor of Japan, the Japanese government, and the Japanese imperial headquarters, the supreme commander for the allied powers hereby directs the immediate cessation of hostilities by Japanese forces**

The first response from the Japanese radio was this inquiry: Are you going to send private messages?

When the American officers finally figured out that the Jap station was worried over a possible loss of revenue, they refused to answer.

But then Tokyo inquired: Do you want an answer to your message?

"Tell 'em 'Hell yes!' " roared the officer-in-charge of Radio Operations.

The exhausted GI at the radio looked at the officer. The officer grinned. The GI wiped a drop of perspiration from his nose, leaned forward and keyed:

Y-E-S.

Men Are Fools

A PHILOSOPHICAL old Quaker lady used to say that there were three outstanding follies of which men were guilty.

The first folly was that they would go to war and kill each other, when, if they would only wait long enough, they would all die naturally.

The second was that the men would climb trees and knock down the fruit, when, if they would only wait long enough, the fruit would fall to the ground.

The third and crowning folly was that they would pursue the women, when, if they waited long enough, the women would pursue them.

—*Highways of Happiness*

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TOPS IN TV

LIKE THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE and the wireless telephone, television has won out over scoffers and skeptics. Indisputably, it is here to stay. But how did it all happen? How did TV's own galaxy of stars, like Milton Berle (*above*), win places in your living room? Why have some of the early shows vanished into the obscurity of a maturing medium? And what about tomorrow? Here is the backstage TV story—the story of a new entertainment art that is now a commercial reality.

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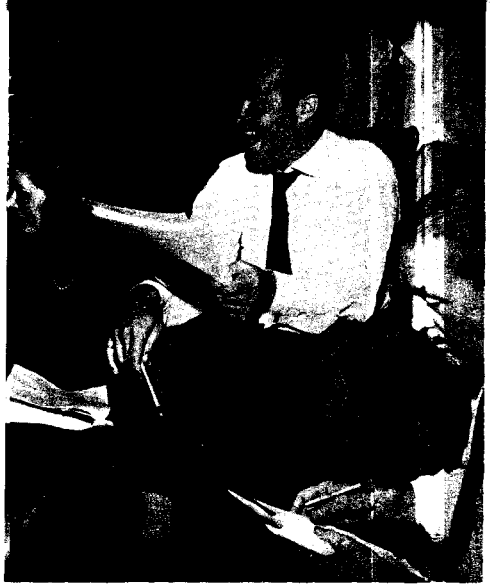

Bob Hope came to television well equipped with skits, gags, and guests. He scored a coup by having Milton Berle as a guest on one of his shows—in a bit part.

Ed Wynn, a pioneer of comedy on the radio, is now television's Perfect Fool. His type of visual comedy *(above, with Gertrude Niesen)* became a video natural.

AMONG THE ADVERTISERS who pay television's way, among the stars who make it live and breathe, even among the producers of America's fastest-growing show business, there are totally different ideas about which TV programs will go over with a smash and which will fall with a thud. Yet if all their opinions were shaken down, every TV success story and every failure would become part of a definite pattern.

Learning from experiment and from sheer accident, television has been transformed from a shaky infant to a lusty giant of the entertainment world. What is still on the air—the shows and stars that appear on your screens week after week—is what you, the viewing public, 60,000,000 strong, have decided that you want to see.

Television's impact on American society has been tremendous: living rooms have been redesigned as little theaters; stores have closed on nights when a top show is on the air; movie theaters have installed TV sets in their lounges; as though on signal, children have come in from play, mother has come in from the kitchen and father has come in from the den—all in time for favorite programs, with the result that families everywhere are growing used to a new unity and closeness.

Since the time—only five short years ago—when there were but six TV stations and only 20,000 receivers in the U.S., television has burgeoned across the country, raiding stage, screen, and radio for talent. Some of the old stars, who tried to transplant, unchanged, the material of other media to television, failed. But those who grasped the basic concepts of TV—intimacy, visual

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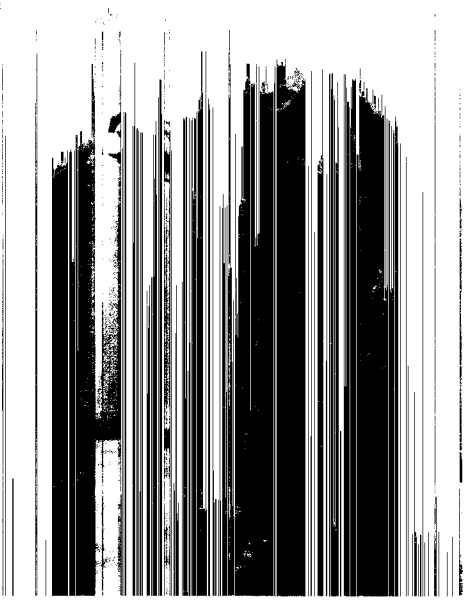
Sid Caesar *(left, with Burgess Meredith)* once fooled Gen. Eisenhower who complimented him on his Russian dialect. Sid doesn't know a word of Russian.



Impish Imogene Coca is the perfect foil for Caesar. Her satire includes the musical selection, "I'm Slush Pump Annie, the Girl With a Mean Trombone."

values, spontaneous performance—succeeded.

Ed Wynn was among the first of the old-timers to telecast his impish humor. Americans chuckled at his uproarious costumes, the friendly foolishness which manifested itself more in his bewildered expressions than in the words he spoke. Milton Berle pulled out all the stops, threw himself into frenzied slapstick and machine-gun gags, and became known as "Mr. Television." Even Fred Allen, who took many a radio dig at TV, has brought the inhabitants of Allen's Alley to the newest medium.

But because of mushrooming networks and a swelling audience, "name" stars couldn't possibly fill the TV day—usually some 14 hours long—nor were they expected to. Actors and comedians who had grown up professionally with television became a main bulwark of

Dave Garroway has been called "nonchalance at its ultimate." He has no studio audience, believing that viewers don't need the spur of offstage laughter.

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Robert Q. Lewis has been a replacement so often that he's known as TV's Joe Page. "The Q," he says, "is only to remind people not to get stuffy."

Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* is one of the shows that successfully switched from radio to TV. It succeeded the show once conducted by Major Bowes.

the program day. Sid Caesar is a case in point.

Caesar was a saxophone player when he joined the Coast Guard at 19, but his flair for dialect and double-talk invariably got him to center stage when the call went out for entertainers. For a while, he drifted around on the fringes of television, and then network officials suddenly realized that here was a young man who seemed made to order for the new medium. His mobile face, his intimate, talking-to-you-alone monologues, were perfect for TV, the new art which had discovered that its greatest appeal lay in its closeness to the audience.

Today, after two years among the top comedians in television, Sid is still slightly confused by his cyclonic flight to fame, hardly comprehending the tremendous impact of his talent on the entertainment world. For years, Fred Allen had been Sid's idea of a genuinely great comedian and the newcomer would spend hours listening to Allen talk about his early days in show business. Allen, in turn, thought the world of Sid as a comic, and often said so. But even these assurances left Caesar unprepared for what happened a few months ago. The *Your Show of Shows* cast was going through a rehearsal at the NBC studio when the door opened quietly and Fred Allen slipped into a rear seat. Caesar spotted him at once and, thinking his idol had come down to give him some pointers, broke away as soon as he could and hurried over to Allen.

"Fred," he said, "you don't know how much your coming down here means to me. Thanks so much."

"Don't thank me, Sid," answered

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Because his rehearsals are so disorganized, spontaneous, and haphazard, Arthur Godfrey hates to have studio guests watch him. His easy humor is sometimes shocking, but it is never static. Once, he told a bewildered studio audience, "It's nice that you've come, but I'm afraid you aren't going to see much."

Allen, who was going on his first TV show the following week. "I came down here to find out from you how to be funny on television."

In its way, comedy on television is an omnivorous monster, consuming material at a fantastic rate. Because you, the viewer, see as well as hear the jokes, it is easier to recognize something that has been done before. "Cut rate" shows also fell by the television wayside: there was nothing to *see*. Now, however, one solution to this problem promises endless variety in TV: alternating on once-a-month schedules, the same show will present topnotchers like Bobby Clark, Martin and Lewis, Eddie Cantor, and Bob Hope.

But the greatest boon to television since the coaxial cable is a talent whose forte is versatility. If, for example, there were 20 Arthur Godfreys, TV's programming problems would be over. But Godfrey is one in a million.

He is not a comedian like Milton Berle, not a singer like Perry Como, not an announcer like Tony Marvin. Yet, combining all their talents, he has become one of television's brightest stars because he can add to his day-in, day-out performances an extra fillip, something distinctively Godfrey. He seldom uses a script. He invites guest

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This Is Show Business' **regular panel consists of George S. Kaufman, Clifton Fadiman, and Abe Burrows. Show people pose questions about show business to the regulars and their guest panelists (Helen Hayes, Binnie Barnes, and Faye Emerson have been among them), then they perform for an appreciative audience.**

stars to serve as a spur, not as a crutch. His pattern is as flexible as are his moods, and his entire show flows from a seemingly inexhaustible supply of informal chatter and bright humor.

Godfrey prefers not to talk to the contestants on his *Talent Scout* show until they are actually on the air; he feels that this makes for more freshness and spontaneity.

Once, a harried director, trying to find Godfrey on a crowded set during a dress rehearsal, shouted to his three cameramen, "A bonus to the man who picks up Godfrey!" Ten minutes later, the camera found him—on a remote corner of the set talking to a prop man.

Another carry-over from radio—the audience-participation show—has been broadened on TV to make the viewer a participant in the visual fun, if not in the fabulous prizes. Knowing that a nation-wide audience is able to see every move as well as hear every word, quizmasters must maintain a constant alertness against the deadly lull, the blank moment.

Bert Parks' constant movement and radiant personality enliven the proceedings on *Break the Bank*. Ralph Edwards on *Truth or Consequences* went all out for broad humor that needed no interpretation: consequences have brought elephants onstage, induced contestants to push a walnut with their noses, and eat a cream puff while singing "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush."

Nowhere in all the broad fields covered by the television camera has a more perfect adaptation taken place than in sportscasting. You *see*

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On a recent *Truth or Consequences* sho
testant if she liked to knit. When she no
ting a sweater for a friend of his. Again
"Now I'll introduce you to my friend," an

that touchdown pass being caught: you *see* that curve ball as it breaks over the plate. (You're in a ringside seat. You're on the 50-yard line. And, thanks to the telephoto lens and cameramen who have become expert at following an elusive ball or a weaving boxer, you are taken up front for candid close-ups that most of the spectators are never aware of.) In sports, TV has reached its ultimate: you are actually witnessing a front-page event as it happens.

There are those who say that the practice of bringing a basketball game or a championship fight into millions of homes is making serious inroads in gate receipts. Yet people said exactly the same thing about radio broadcasting. The fact was, however, that radio heightened the interest of Americans in sports, with the result that more people

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James, sportscaster, has learned trick of not "over-announcing." : "People in their living rooms everything as clearly as I can."

To make sure his listeners enjoy the latest news films, John Cameron Swayze often has a jeep at the airport. Sometimes he doesn't see the films until airtime.

actually went to the stadium and the arena.

What about puppets on television? A three-year TV veteran, the *Howdy Doody Show*, is the one for which NBC has the greatest ticket demand. Wholesome, mildly educational, thoroughly entertaining, the program's phenomenal success with children is startling. Howdy's boss and alter ego is Bob Smith, a likable young man who has worked with children's shows 17 years on radio and television. But never has he experienced anything to compare with the universal popularity of Howdy Doody. Only continued reassurances from mothers keep him from being frightened by the juvenile influence exerted by his wooden brain-child.

Public events are another key to TV programming. When President

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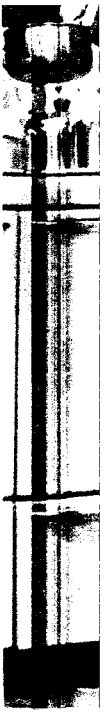
Faye Emerson's intimate, late-evening interviews with actors, writers, and artists bring the bright-lit theatrical and art world into millions of American homes.



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Truman was inaugurated on January 20, 1949, more people witnessed the ceremonies than the total of all those who had seen Presidents sworn in from George Washington to Franklin Roosevelt. Not only was the audience far greater, but most of them had intimate close-ups of the event. While those actually at Washington ceremonies stomped their feet in the cold and strained for a fleeting sight of the President and Vice-President, 10,000,000 Americans sat in their homes and were treated to "off-the-record" glimpses of Truman and Barkley.

Right from the beginning of TV, network officials realized that the concept of a theater-in-the-house could be television's biggest drawing card, and that a vast supply of books, stories, and plays would furnish an almost inexhaustible

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Gertrude Berg, better known as Mollie, writes the script for *The Goldbergs*, besides acting the part of the lovable mother of the brood. When she went to Hollywood to direct the movie version of *The Goldbergs*, she was able to suggest some television techniques that cut the shooting schedule to 19 days, a new movie record.

Robert Montgomery was the first top film personality to enter TV on a full-scale basis. He sometimes appears in the dramatic shows which he produces.

reservoir of material. But the problems involved were tremendous.

Where a radio show might need 16 people, 40 were required for TV. Actors who might have to learn a new part every week had to be on the air from beginning to end of a show, yet every scene had to be perfect the first time.

The cost was staggering: a major TV dramatic series approximates the cost of a movie—and there is no box-office compensation. Materials were consumed at an alarming rate: 6,000 square feet of plywood, 100 pounds of coloring, 100 pounds of glue, nails, paper, doors, furniture, food—this is only a partial list of the requirements of one major studio for one week.

Costumes and make-up had to he handled with gingerly care. The ultra-sensitive television lens created

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Lilli Palmer and Fredric March play a dramatic scene from one of the plays on the *Ford Theater*. A major problem in television is lack of adequate space. Even the largest radio studios cannot accommodate all the equipment needed for a complete dramatic show. As a result, the networks are leasing Broadway theaters.

an unwanted halo around anything too starkly white or black. Improperly applied make-up made the most beautiful heroine look like one of Macbeth's witches.

Skilled technicians—still too few in the field—overcame the technical problems. The growth of television as an advertising medium solved some of the financial problems. Broadway theaters were used for large-scale shows. And the plays began to go on.

At first, these were only adaptations from old movies and plays. Then the industry's creative minds stopped trying to compare television with radio and movies, became aware that it was a new and entirely different medium. They recognized that its appeal lay in the intimacy it could attain. The spectator was made to play a role.

***Studio One* is a top CBS dramatic show and a winner of the prized George Foster Peabody Award. Felicia Montelegre is one in an ever-changing series of casts.**

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Unique among children's shows is *Kukla, Fran and Ollie:* there is entertainment in it for youngsters, humor for adults, and the skill of Fran Allison and Burr Tillstrom for everyone. Some time ago, puppet Kukla tried to make himself a fur coat and failed. Next day the mail was full of coats, mufflers, gloves, and caps.

Bob Smith's two small children are so fond of "Howdy Doody" that they sometimes have difficulty associating their father with that most wonderful puppet.

sensing things unsaid, interpreting the arch of an eyebrow, the movement of a finger.

In view of the problems involved, it was remarkable that television learned how to maintain a week-after-week, high-level pace. People who had never seen a Broadway play were treated to fine TV adaptations of the best ones. *Studio One*, produced and directed by ex-actor Worthington Miner, is an hour-long CBS drama that has given televiewers some memorable dramatic moments. Gertrude Berg, writer and beloved matriarch of *The Goldbergs*, a TV show that is reaching new heights of success after 20 years on radio and two seasons on Broadway, has brought a fresh and captivating talent to video. A stickler for realism, Gertrude insists that when the Goldbergs are sup-

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No matter what the medium, Westerns retain their audience. Especially filmed for television, Gene Autry movies count fans among both old-timers and youngsters.

Few people know Bill Boyd. Everyone knows Hopalong Cassidy—the same man. The first Hoppy movie was made in 1935, didn't win fame until it reached TV.

Professionally, William Gargan is known as Martin Kane, Private Eye. Pipe-smoking Detective Kane solves 44 make-believe crimes a year by plain plodding.

Ralph Bellamy became A Man Against Crime with his Broadway hit, *Detective Story*. For weeks, he lived with detectives, even postponed his honeymoon.

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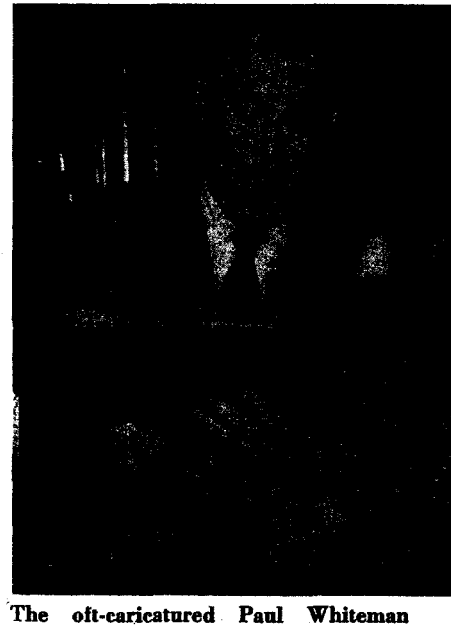
Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, together for 32 years, had to relearn techniques and stage appearance for television. His off-stage organization numbers 150.

Because he dislikes night clubs, refuses to do any personal appearances, and spends all his spare time with his family, TV suits baritone Perry Como perfectly.

posed to be having chicken for dinner, a real chicken, still steaming from the oven, be placed before the cameras—and the cast has to eat it!

Occasionally, boners creep into the studio—they are inevitable in a medium as spontaneous and continuous as television. A typical fluff occurred on a mystery drama, when an actor was supposed to reach into a wall safe and pull out a gun. Because there was only the surface appearance of a safe, a prop man was to hand him the gun when he reached. Imagine his chagrin when he touched the safe, withdrew his hand, and stared blankly at what he had been handed: a banana.

The educational aspects of television have yet to be fully exploited. So far, medical students and doctors have seen intricate operations at far closer range than they could have if



The oft-caricatured Paul Whiteman brings to television a personality predominant in the music world for 30 years. Bing Crosby was once his protegé.

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The American Forum of the Air **has been on radio and television for 22 years. More than 90 per cent of the members of Congress have appeared on the forum, once called "the unofficial Congress of the United States," and have debated political questions ranging from the Smith-Hoover election to the Truman Administration.**

When Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt came to TV, one pundit said, "Now we're respectable"— and meant it. On one show, Mrs. F. D. R. interviewed Albert Einstein.

they were present in the operating room. The proceedings of the United Nations have been beamed to students and housewives all over the country. And recently, Paul Walker, vice-chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, remarked: "The potentialities of television in the field of education are nothing less than breathtaking."

What lies ahead for television has been the subject of much speculation. Only one thing is certain: the wild dreams of a few months ago are realities today and, through this magic window on the world, the wild dreams of today will become realities tomorrow. For television, facing one of the most significant challenges of modern times, knows it must be great to endure. Right now, it is working 24 hours a day to meet that challenge.

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Maestro Arturo Toscanini is, to
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How WILD Are Small-town Girls?

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Here are the *facts* behind those lurid newspaper headlines you've been reading!

JUDGING BY THE HEADLINES in many metropolitan newspapers, life in a "typical American small town" is very immoral indeed. The average such community, the news stories hint, is a dormant volcano of submerged sex. So, at intervals, the girls wink at society's code and become involved in sensational scandals. After sprees, tabloid journalists reap a harvest of tales of moral corruption and sex orgies.

For example, 20 girls—all under 21 and the youngest 13—were arrested last spring near Bakersfield, California, for posing in the nude for lewd photographs. In December, what newspapers called "wild sex parties among teen-agers" in the town of New Haven, Indiana, brought protests from local officials. They said the situation there was "not drastically different from that in other communities," but they resented the publicity.

In Zanesville, Ohio, 19 teen-agers admitted participating in illicit sex relations in cars, alleys, and country lanes, while a 14-year-old girl in St. Charles, Missouri, told police she had been intimate with many men in a series of group parties. Other newspaper items during the past year have thrown the glare of public censure on similar sex scandals in Belvidere, Illinois; Hammond, Indiana; Lawrence, Massachusetts; and a host of other small and middle-sized communities. Thus, citizens in scores of towns are being publicly criticized for what is broadcast as widespread immorality among their children.

How true are these stories and the

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impression they create? Unfortunately, the incidents reported above —and many more—did actually happen. And they will continue to happen, in cities of any size, as long as a juvenile-delinquency problem exists anywhere. But, perhaps because they do occur in small and middle-sized towns, such scandals are blown up into headlines far larger than the facts warrant. Actually, the widespread notion that delinquency flourishes more in small communities than in metropolitan areas is completely false.

A few comparisons are eloquent as well as informative. In Philadelphia, some 7,330 cases of juvenile delinquency were reported in 1948. In Connecticut, a state composed largely of small towns with roughly the same combined population as Philadelphia, there were only 3,394 cases listed for the same period.

But, according to a report by the U.S. Children's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency, "We hear less about delinquency in rural communities than in cities, because in the country it is less likely to be labeled as such and put into a statistical table. An act considered punishable in the city may be disregarded in the country."

Also, morality in any rural area is governed by a strict code all its own. Few potential wrongdoers, for instance, would think of indulging their fancies as openly as their sisters in larger cities, for fear of deadly back-fence gossip. Tradition, too, prevents families of "bad girls" from sharing their worries with authorities or social workers. And the sobering influence of the church likewise encourages parents to keep the troubles of their "black sheep" to themselves. Nevertheless, a serious problem exists in country communities—just as in metropolitan streets. And until it is attacked on a national scale, America's towns will continue to be victims of magnified publicity. For conditions that breed juvenile delinquency—squalid shanties, riverbank slums, and social frustrations—are found in rural districts as well as in urban areas.

"The bleak homes of the tenant farmer and the millhand, the monotony of life in some small towns with nothing for the young folks to do in their spare time—such situations are seedbeds for undesirable behavior," summarizes the U.S. Children's Bureau report.

WITHOUT ATTEMPTING to minimize the incidence of sex delinquency in large cities, it must be stated that metropolitan centers are better equipped both to prevent and cure the evil. A potentially delinquent girl in St. Louis, for instance, is offered countless spare-time diversions—YWCA's, young people's church groups, social clubs, theaters, and concerts—as well as civic agencies to guide her should she stray from the moral path. In small towns, on the other hand, there are fewer such recreational and corrective influences.

What happens? Local boys hang around the village tavern, whistling at female passers-by. And the girls, seeking a relief from the dullness of their lives, stroll down the road in search of excitement. Often they find not excitement but shame, misery, and disaster.

Aside from a few movie houses, there is little to occupy the evenings

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of restless youngsters in St. Charles, Missouri, a town of 15,000 on the Missouri River. There are, however, some cosily wooded spots in the county, among them a section called Bum's Hollow. It was to Bum's Hollow that a group of young married men shamefacedly admitted having taken high-school girls whom they picked up after classes.

One girl of 14 startled police by confessing she could not name most of the men with whom she had been intimate. Another teen-ager, however, reeled off the names of men with whom she had had relations.

When Americans last year read that "ten men and six women—including five high-school girls—have been seized and accused of participating in sex parties at the home of a divorcee," few were familiar with the town where the story originated. Hammond, Indiana, is a manufacturing center of some 70,000 inhabitants. Railroad tracks crisscross the town's principal streets, and there is not too much to amuse the local funseeker.

Nevertheless, not all cases of juvenile delinquency among girls originate in drab, uninteresting areas. Some occur on the doorsteps of such comfortable communities as Rockford, a quiet Illinois town of 85,000 population. Rockford is not only proud of its hard-working, respectable population, but of its 90-piece symphony orchestra and home-grown choral groups. But Rockford is far from proud of the home-grown scandal that splashed into headlines last year.

On a routine check of what seemed an empty bus parked at the end of a line, police exploded a case that rocked the community. Inside the bus was the startled driver, caught in the act of embracing a 14-year-old girl.

Subsequent investigation disclosed that the girl belonged to a club of four girls, whose frank object was the seduction of bus drivers. They were "simply crazy" about uniforms, they added. Thus infatuated with the drivers, each would try to rival the others in the number of conquests. Case-hardened police officers were astonished at the facts uncovered.

Backgrounds of three girls in the seduction club are worthy of more than passing attention.

One girl was the eldest of four children whose mother, a divorcee, had remarried shortly before her daughter got into trouble. Instead of devoting more time to helping her family over the difficult period of readjustment, the mother had kept her full-time job. Also, she had tried to be a new wife and a housekeeper as well. Thus, while the girl was coping with the problems of adolescence, she received little or no guidance from her mother.

The second girl shocked questioners by declaring she "hated her mother." Confronted with this confession, her parents were incredulous. How could their girl say such things? Both were just starting a new business and had moved a grandmother into the home to care for the children—and, presumably, take the mother's place.

To the young girl's natural requests for such adolescent privileges as pocket money or permission to give parties in her home, the answer was always "no." Also, she was continually reminded that she was "too young" for social life. Neither

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father nor mother meant to be unkind. They were simply too busy to offer normal parental advice and affection.

The third girl was the only child of an alcoholic father and a working mother. His inability to hold a job and the resulting financial instability produced family bickering. The mother constantly threatened divorce, but feared such a drastic move would result in her being ostracized by neighbors. Nevertheless, she held up her daughter as the announced reason for continuing to live with her husband. Finally, the ceaseless quarrels and threats proved too much for the teen-ager. As an escape, she turned to sex.

AMONG THE TEEN-AGE girls charged as delinquents in one middle-sized community was a 15-year-old-illegitimate child. For as long as she could remember, she had been taunted about her illegitimacy. Added to the girl's burning desire to capture a husband was the lack of outside interests in her town. Thus, she directed her search for a mate to sex. As the judge who sent her to a corrective home said: "She has sex on her mind *all* the time."

Another 15-year-old rounded up was a half-orphan whose father had deserted her. Taken in by grandparents, she was alternately over-disciplined and overindulged. Also, both adults were too old to offer her the confidence and advice she so sorely needed. Starved for affection and understanding, she selected a 19-year-old neighbor as her partner in the alleged orgies. She was sent to a detention home, where authorities hope to help her make a successful readjustment.

Experience indicates that the basic causes of delinquency are the same in rural as in metropolitan areas. But, where social agencies in large cities years ago began to cope with sex-delinquency problems, awareness has come slowly to our smaller towns. For one thing, small-town and rural people live less close together than their metropolitan cousins. They rely more on intimate personal contacts and there is less formal organization. Behavior is determined more by local custom and less by law.

"The low density of population and the low per-capita taxable wealth in rural areas," said a recent report by the National Conference on the Prevention and Control of Juvenile Delinquency, "make it difficult to have specialists for education, recreation, church, welfare, and law enforcement. The result is that the rural teacher, preacher, welfare worker, and police officer are of necessity often generalists rather than specialists."

To control juvenile delinquency in such areas, the conference recommended that "leaders of rural organizations and agencies find out just what the situation is in local communities and, by their own creative efforts, compensate for the low-tax base . . . farmers' organizations, churches, schools, civic clubs, and especially rural youths themselves can be most effective in creating . . . constructive programs and adequate resources to carry them into successful operation."

A typical town that launched a constructive program against juvenile delinquency is Newport News, Virginia. Until World War II the population of this seaport was

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only 37,000. Two years later it had doubled. Moreover, there was no private family-service agency and no child-welfare program in the city setup. But, within the framework of the wartime civilian defense organizations, Newport News designed a project to prevent juvenile delinquency. Representatives of schools, women's clubs, service organizations, and churches banded together to provide new recreational, health, and juvenile-office facilities. Promptly the delinquency rate among girls dropped.

California, too, has made notable progress in attacking the rural delinquency problem. Its youth authority, created by the legislature during World War II, working with other youth-serving agencies, has studied situations in 30 counties and communities where local leaders extended active cooperation. One phase of its state-wide project is the establishment of local "teen centers," which operate elaborate canteens with full-time staffs.

Like California, the state of Connecticut began a new attack on the delinquency problem during the war year of 1942, when it organized a juvenile court. But the court does much more than merely pass judgment on culprits. In each of its three districts are 12 probation officers, all of them trained social workers, whose job it is to keep youngsters out of the courtroom. The result has been a decrease in the number of girls brought in as delinquents each year.

Other states and communities have also grappled successfully with the situation. But those who have assumed the task of combating "bad girl" trends often find opposition in their own back yards. Many parents in rural areas resist any efforts to have their children interviewed by doctors or social workers. They are afraid the RFD grapevine will bring disgrace to their homes. Also, their tradition of rugged individualism is opposed to participation by outsiders in what they regard as their own personal lives.

Despite such handicaps, the number of girls charged with sex delinquency is slowly decreasing. Enlightened communities, cooperating on a local level, are responsible. Yet the real attack on the problem has still to be made. As Karl Holton, director of California's Youth Authority, says: "We in California believe that delinquency can best be prevented by providing better communities for both boys and girls to grow up in."

Until such steps are taken, there will continue to be a certain amount of delinquency and immorality in America's small towns. And so, too, will their inhabitants continue to be shamed by newspaper stories that exaggerate local conditions to lurid and shameful proportions.

It Takes Know-how

WITH THE UTMOST seriousness, an elderly lady observed: "Isn't it wonderful how these filling-station people know where to set up pumps and get gas?" —*The Coffee Cup*

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BLADES OF

by RUTH ROMAN

WHEN I WAS eight years old, my parents owned a side show and my father was the spieler. Mostly we pitched the tent around Boston, because our home was on Charles Street, where my parents, two older sisters, and I lived.

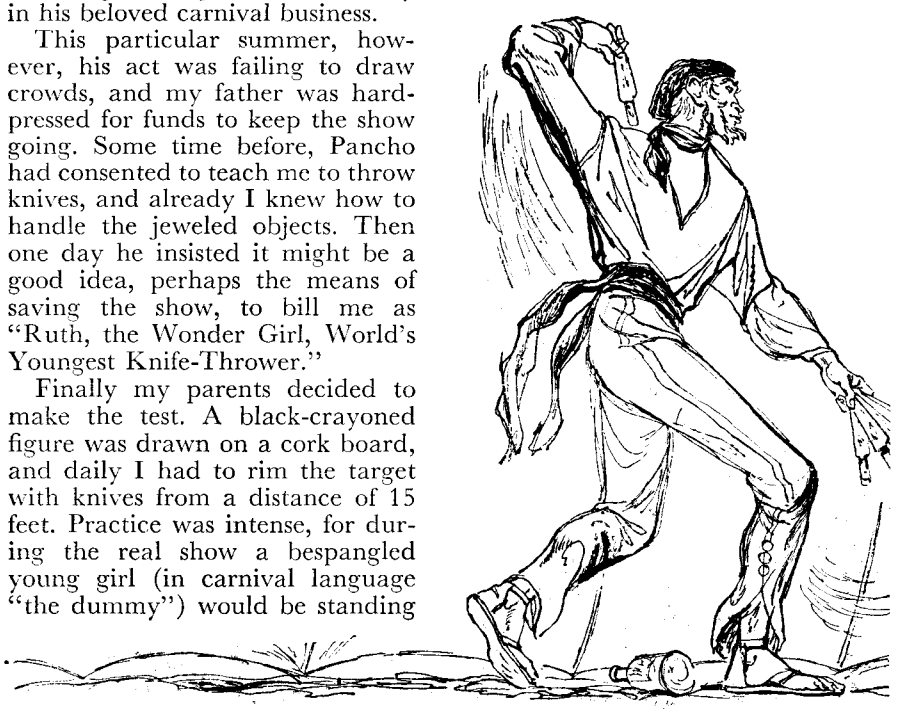
The feature of our show was an exciting knife-throwing act by a white-bearded eccentric called Pancho the Great. In his youth, Pancho had fallen during a daring acrobatic exhibition, smashing an arm and a leg. But he had perfected the knife-throwing technique in order to stay in his beloved carnival business.

This particular summer, however, his act was failing to draw crowds, and my father was hard-pressed for funds to keep the show going. Some time before, Pancho had consented to teach me to throw knives, and already I knew how to handle the jeweled objects. Then one day he insisted it might be a good idea, perhaps the means of saving the show, to bill me as "Ruth, the Wonder Girl, World's Youngest Knife-Thrower."

Finally my parents decided to make the test. A black-crayoned figure was drawn on a cork board, and daily I had to rim the target with knives from a distance of 15 feet. Practice was intense, for during the real show a bespangled young girl (in carnival language "the dummy") would be standing against the cork in place of the outline. A slip of my knife might mean injury, even death.

Pancho gave all his spare time to increase my skill. Then, one day, ads were put in the papers, placards were posted, and handbills distributed, announcing my introduction into the show.

The evening before my debut, I took my 15 knives to the knife-throwing tent, set up my crayoned board, and worked all evening. My parents had gone out to dinner,



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promising to return at 10:30. An hour before their return, as I practiced in the tent, Pancho entered. I could see he had been drinking heavily.

We had always been good friends and I liked him, but now I felt nervous as he stood silently, swaying a little and staring at me. Then he spoke. "If Pancho isn't the knife-thrower, his life is not worth living." He paused, then added: "And if it wasn't for you, little Ruthie, I could do the act."

I tried to reason with him, but he wouldn't listen. He walked to the practice board, pulled out a knife, and juggled it, catching the blade each time by the point. I tried to leave the tent but Pancho grabbed my shoulder, still flipping the knife with his free hand.

"Pancho," he shouted wildly, "is the greatest knife-thrower in the world! But too long have I been throwing around the dummy!"

He shoved me against the cork board as I pleaded with him to let me go. Then, knives in hand, he backed off to the line 15 feet away.

"This too easy," he said. "Pancho the Great can throw with the lights off."

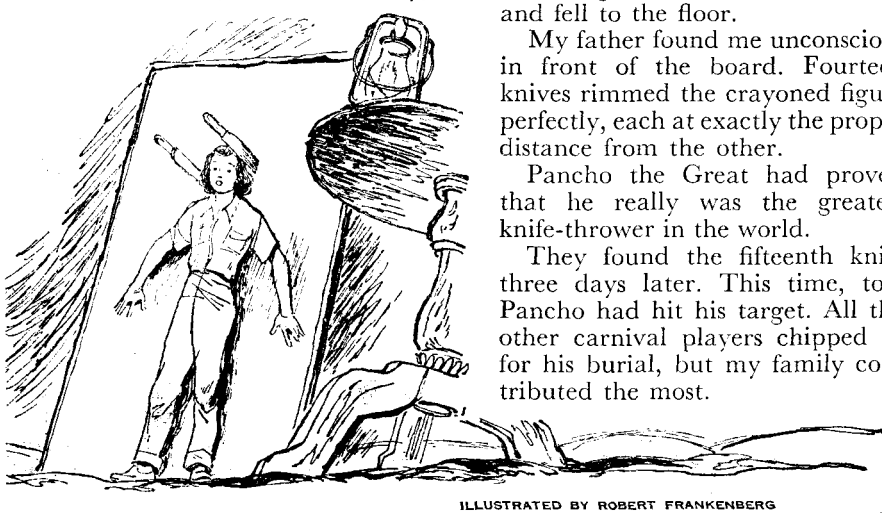
Then he blew out the lantern on the table. It wasn't totally dark, for a light from a street lamp seeped through the canvas. I tried to scream, but couldn't make a sound. There was a plunk of knife into cork, and the board near my shoulder quivered.

"In the middle of the target!" he cried. Then another knife hurtled through the air, and the board quivered near my hip. That's the last thing I remembered. I fainted and fell to the floor.

My father found me unconscious in front of the board. Fourteen knives rimmed the crayoned figure perfectly, each at exactly the proper distance from the other.

Pancho the Great had proved that he really was the greatest knife-thrower in the world.

They found the fifteenth knife three days later. This time, too, Pancho had hit his target. All the other carnival players chipped in for his burial, but my family contributed the most.



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WHEN *Lady Asquith* MET HER MATCH

by FREDERICK MARION

How a mind reader re-created a memorable scene to convince a skeptic of his powers

ONE OF THE STRANGE GIFTS with which Nature has endowed me is the ability to see into the minds of other people and read their thoughts. In my public performances, I generally succeed in convincing my audiences, but occasionally I run into a firm-willed skeptic who cannot be convinced without a spectacular demonstration of my powers.

Such a skeptic was Margot, Countess of Oxford and Asquith, and winning her over involved us in a sensational incident that has never before been described.

During one of my early lectures at Aeolian Hall in London, there came a sudden interruption. A lady in a front row rose to her feet and called to me in a loud voice.

She was a small woman, of quick, restless gestures; her face was thin and angular, the nose jutting towards a curved, protruding chin. Her hat was rather extraordinary, and she was elderly; but her vitality belied her age.

I had never seen Lady Asquith before, but I certainly recognized her, for my concert agent had told me she would be in the audience that night and would probably start an argument with me.

My experiments up to this moment had dealt mainly with past-cognition—that is, with reconstruction of incidents in the past life of members of the audience—and I was having good results when the interruption occurred.

"Excuse me, Mr. Marion," the forceful lady called, "but is this a genuine demonstration?"

A shocked buzz arose.

"Yes, madam. My demonstration is quite genuine," I told her.

"I'm very sorry," Lady Asquith said firmly, "but I don't believe a word of it. You have been giving reconstructions in the past life of various individuals, and those reconstructions have been confirmed; but they contain such detail that I find it impossible to credit the genuineness of your show. The only

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possible solution, to me, is that you are employing confederates. I'm afraid that only an experiment conducted with me personally would be convincing."

I made a gesture of invitation. "What is stopping you, madam?"

Lady Asquith seemed taken aback. "Do you mean you are prepared to reconstruct some incident from my own life?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, and she made her way to the stage.

I handed her a slip of paper.

"Please write half a dozen words in your usual handwriting," I requested. "Try to associate them with some outstanding incident in your life, known only to you. Then there can be no suspicion that I have secret information."

Lady Asquith thought for a moment, then complied. At my request she folded the paper and placed it in an envelope, which she sealed. I took the envelope in my hand and concentrated.

"There is a large room with bookshelves lining some of the walls," I stated. "In this room a man is sitting behind a huge table. A number of documents are spread on the table in front of him. He is reading something.

"He picks up a pen, then puts it down again. He picks it up once more, puts it down again, and rises from his seat to walk up and down the room. Returning to his seat, he once again picks up the pen. As he does so, a door behind him opens slightly. Somebody is looking into the room.

"The man writes, then takes a handkerchief from his pocket and dabs his eyes. He is crying—"

"That's enough!"

Lady Asquith uttered the words sharply, showing great agitation. She remained silent for a moment or two, then she turned to address the hushed audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said in a steady voice, "Mr. Marion has just described with wonderful accuracy an incident to which I was the only living witness. The room he describes is the study of Number 10 Downing Street. The incident occurred in August, 1914. The man he describes was the Prime Minister—Asquith, my husband; and at the moment of which I wrote on the slip of paper, he was in the act of signing the declaration of war against Germany.

"He was crying, and I happened to open the door of his room. It was the only time in my life that I ever knew him to cry!"

Just Another Name

THE HEAD OF A very successful and growing company was asked, "How do you happen to stumble on all those new products?"

Pointing to the research building across the street, he replied, "You see, we maintain a 'Stumbling Department' especially for that purpose."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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The Weaver of the Mountains

by GERTRUDE ANDERSON

In a humble cabin high in the hills, two young people found the key to fulfillment

SITTING AT MY DESK, I glance frequently across the room to where my eldest son is playing beside the baby's crib. Although he is not yet four, Bruce has already appointed himself the baby's guardian and protector, knowing that I am not capable of meeting all emergencies.

Actually, my speed is that of a wheel chair—my legs are paralyzed as a result of polio contracted just after I was married, six years ago. I thought my life was over the day I was told I would never walk again—and even now, with my children playing just across the room, I can hardly believe that they are real. For had it not been for a strange accident, they might never have been born.

It was late August, just five years ago. My husband had returned from overseas a few months before. That, too, was a day I shall never forget. How would he feel coming back to a bride who, in his absence, had changed from someone vibrant and alive to a cripple hopelessly confined to a wheel chair?

I need not have worried. He came in and swept me up in his arms and laughed when my tears came. From that very first day, he refused to allow my handicap to interfere with our marriage. And somehow, as the months went by, I became less conscious of it myself.

Then, the following summer, we drove South to visit Tom's parents, who hadn't seen either of us since the war. It was on the way back from Tennessee that the accident—if such it was—occurred. To this day we have never been able to explain how or why it happened as it did, but we have come to believe that a power beyond explanation guided us that day.

We were both a little depressed. Tom's parents had been wonderful, but, as Tom had cheerfully loaded my wheel chair into the back of the car for the return trip, his mother had inadvertently let slip her regret that now we could never have children.

Somehow, the chair seemed to upset her. I could understand it. Tom was an only child, and grandchildren were the one desire of her

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life. Actually, the doctors had discouraged the idea of children. Medically, it was possible, but they felt that unless we could afford a nurse to take full charge of them, children would be inadvisable.

So, for the present, we had abandoned the idea. And yet, his mother's accidental remark had reopened a painful subject.

Only two days of Tom's vacation remained, and to save time on the drive North we traveled often by secondary routes. That August day, we were following a gravel road through West Virginia mountains when we were caught in a storm. Rain ran in rivers across the road. Tom slowed the car to a crawl, while I peered through the misty glass, trying to read road signs. We had gone some miles before we discovered that, somewhere, we had made a wrong turning.

The road had grown increasingly narrow, until it was little more than a trail. I was frightened—the storm seemed to be increasing rather than lessening. "Don't worry," Tom reassured me. "I never saw a road yet that didn't have a house on it. We'll find shelter."

Suddenly the mountain leveled off into a plateau, and in its center, half-hidden in mist, stood a cabin. Smoke streamed from its chimney, and light blinked at the windows. Relief swept through me.

A few minutes later Tom carried me into a bright, warm kitchen that smelled of fresh bread. Our unexpected hosts were a young farm couple. Tom returned to the car for my wheel chair while they made hot tea. As warmth flowed through me, I began to look around the cheerful room. Then I saw it.

The coverlet, of the kind that used to grace four-poster beds in colonial days, was drying on a rack behind the big stove. It was green and white and black, but the colors were those of pine forests and snow and earth. The pattern was unbelievably intricate, picturing nothing but assuming a thousand hopes in the imagination.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried. "I have never seen one more beautiful!"

I turned to the young woman who was making bread. "Did you weave it?" I asked.

She smiled and shook her head. "No, it was woven by my grandmother—on a loom grandfather built for her years ago. It is her proudest possession. But then, you should speak to her about it."

She disappeared into another room, returning a moment later. "You may come in," she smiled.

TOM GUIDED MY CHAIR through a formal parlor into a shadowy room. The blinds were drawn. In one corner stood an old-fashioned, enameled stove, with a fire glowing through its isinglass door.

In a large chair before the fire sat a tiny old lady. She was weaving at a loom that had been polished by use until it mirrored the fire's glow. Her tiny hands were gnarled and twisted, yet they guided the shuttle with incredible dexterity.

"Grandmother," the girl said softly, "here are your visitors."

The weaver's hands never faltered as she finished the row. Then she looked up. In the firelight, her hair shone like spun silver. She seemed as frail as the shadows surrounding her.

"Welcome," she said. "It is a

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long time since I have had visitors." Her voice had a warm, eager quality which put us at ease.

"We saw your coverlet," I said. "It is very beautiful—you must take great pride in it."

"I do," she admitted. "Everyone seems to admire it. But please come closer. I would like to see my young visitors."

I hesitated as she stretched out her gaunt hands toward us, a smile on her face. I glanced at Tom. "Of course," he said quietly.

He guided me to the old lady's chair. I took her hand in mine, and sat quite still as her misshapen fingers moved lightly over my face and touched my hair. There was something uncanny in their whispering touch.

"And the young man?" she said.

Tom knelt down, and her hands swiftly read his features and the breadth of his shoulders.

"Ah," she said gently, "you are both very young. God has made you well."

Tom moved my chair back. Its rubber-tired wheels made no sound. I am sure she did not realize I was paralyzed. My heart pounded as I searched the kindly, infinitely wise face of the blind woman.

"The coverlet," I said, trying to achieve a normal tone. "Did you weave it many years ago?"

"No," she smiled. "I have only just finished it. It took a long time. Sometimes these old hands would betray me. Then I would go back. You see, to me, one thread misplaced would be like a weed in a lovely garden."

"But the colors in the coverlet are so beautiful," I stammered. "How—how did you know?"

"Ellen chose them," she said. "My youngest son's little girl. She lives down in the valley. Only children *really* see color. We older people take it for granted."

"Your youngest son?" I asked, surprise in my voice.

"Yes," she said. "Ed. He's the youngest. I had eight children, five boys and three girls. They all live in the valley, and their children, too. All but Judd and Ruth—they live up here with me. My other children wanted me to come to them when my husband died, but I came to this house as a bride—and I shall die here."

The prideful simplicity with which she spoke of her family made my throat tighten. But there was one thing I had to ask—an inner compulsion drove me on.

"How long have you been blind?"

A faint expression of bewilderment passed over her face. She seemed to lift her eyes, and in the firelight her tiny, proud figure was like a painting, centuries old.

"Since I was a young girl," she said. "I know you will ask, why, then, did I marry? It is very simple. My husband loved me, and I loved him. He used to say that I saw more with my imagination than most people could see with their two good eyes."

For a moment no one spoke. The implication of her words coursed through me like fire. Tom's hand tightened on my shoulders.

"Please forgive me," I said, "but I must know. Your children—did you have *someone — someone* to watch over them?"

"Only my husband and I," she said. "We were very poor, then. This cabin had only one room—

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the kitchen you were in. I was frightened when I knew the first baby was coming. I was frightened with each of them. But when the older ones grew a little, they watched the others, and all grew strong. My husband and I had faith, and God did not let us fail."

Soon after, the rainstorm cleared as suddenly as it had begun. Tom and I said good-bye, and soon were back on the highway we had lost. The sun was beginning to set, and the gold of it struck the rain-washed hills with an almost unearthly radiance. For many miles we did not speak. Then I turned to him.

"Tom," I whispered.

He touched my hand. "I know," he said simply.

That was more than four years ago. Yet almost every day, I think of the courageous weaver of the mountains. There can be no answer to how or why we were led to her. And yet, without the miracle of that lost afternoon, we would never have known our two sons.

Hat Check

"IT DIDN'T COST us anything—honestly, dear," the little wife twittered proudly as she showed her husband the new hat. "It was the most wonderful bargain—reduced from $30 to $15. And I bought it right away with the $15 we saved."

—GEORGE GUIDO

THE LITTLE OLD LADY was obviously flustered by the swank atmosphere of the dimly lit restaurant. The suave headwaiter, poised at her elbow, added to her nervousness as she studied the menu. Unable to find anything that appealed to her, she glanced about. At a near-by table sat a woman looking down with admiration at what looked like a tempting green salad piled high with appetizing garnish. A quick smile of relief crossed the little old lady's face.

"I'll have the same kind of salad that woman has," she said pertly.

The headwaiter looked at the other table, then bent tactfully and whispered: "I don't think you'd care for it really, madam —*that* is the lady's hat."

—ANN B. CAESAR

"YOU MEAN TO SAY you sold all those hats we had planned to discard?" asked the proprietor of the chapeau shoppe incredulously.

"Yes," nodded his super sales manager. "I put a little ad in the paper stating we had some hats too high-priced for the average housewife, and they were all gone by noon."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

AFTER TRYING ON a few dresses and a dozen hats, a woman begins to wish she'd brought some money along.—EVAN ESAR

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Biggest Business Boss

by CLIVE HOWARD

Leroy A. Wilson came up from the ranks to become head of the colossal A. T. & T. at 47

FOR A MAN WHO HOLDS what is generally regarded as the highest executive position in the business world, Leroy A. Wilson, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, remains amazingly unimpressed by his own accomplishments.

Not long after he was elected to head the biggest industrial colossus on earth, a college student asked Wilson the differences between holding a mediocre job and a really important one. "The only real difference is this," replied the tall, sandy-haired executive. "The bigger your job, the more people are likely to hear about your mistakes."

Obviously, Wilson's reply reflected only a self-effacing humor and wasn't intended as a yardstick of career differences. But it is an accurate illustration of his attitude toward himself.

His daily program is as carefully planned as that of the President of the United States. The suite he occupies at A. T. and T. headquarters in New York is one of the most tastefully furnished in the business world. Few men could sit in its atmosphere of hushed elegance and still preserve an earthy outlook.

Yet, in the three years since he was elected to the presidency, Wilson has felt entitled to accept only two

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honorary university degrees. One was from the college he attended as a youth in Terre Haute, Indiana—Rose Polytechnic Institute, on whose Board of Managers he serves. The other was from Hamilton College in New York.

His salary is $175,000 a year—yet Wilson continues to live in a comfortable but unpretentious home in suburban New Jersey. Usually, he is driven to his office in a company limousine. Sometimes, however, he can be discovered occupying a seat in a commuters' train, chatting with some fellow passenger who is unaware of Wilson's real identity.

Unlike the so-called "typical executive," Wilson talks at an unhurried pace and with distinct traces of a Hoosier accent. Moreover, his philosophies might seem out of place in the modern world of cynicism. Of individual success, he has often said: "It isn't the rank attached to your job or the salary or the social position—it's the challenge that really counts."

The challenges to Wilson are many and varied these days. They bring him to his desk promptly every morning, and the lights in his office frequently burn late. He has always worked hard, and the people around him have perforce worked hard, too.

"You never made a definite date for a week night when you worked for Lee," remarked an associate of his in a former Wilson job, "because you never could know when an official of one of the Bell Companies around the country—maybe California where it's only 2 o'clock in the afternoon when it's 5 P.M. in New York—would call for help or information. Lee would take it as a matter of course that the answer should be on the official's desk at 9 A.M. the next day, and we'd go to work—Lee, too, of course—and get it there."

Under these circumstances, it is significant of Wilson's character that all along the line of his rise in the telephone business, he has left one job for the next with the liking and respect of the men who had worked with him.

"Building and keeping good human relations among the members of any business, and particularly between the people who are being supervised and those who are doing the supervising, is essential if we hope to encourage the morale, resourcefulness, and vitality that we must have as a nation," he told a group recently.

To any casual observer, Wilson's job would seem to present no challenge. Regardless of the complicated problems that go to his desk, the busy head of A. T. & T. always appears affable and unworried. But he possesses a rare type of analytical genius which helps him dispose of many problems almost as soon as they come up.

Wilson's gift of going straight to the heart of the matter makes it possible for him to handle the enormous challenge of his job without fuss. He has compressed the principal facts about the complex affairs of A. T. & T.—information that probably would fill at least several hundred filing drawers—into two loose-leaf notebooks. These notebooks, placed on a window sill within arm's reach of Wilson's desk, are executive tools.

Their pages are filled with charts,

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statistics, symbols, and graphs which —to Wilson at least—help to answer any question about the past, present, or future of A. T. and T. Merely by turning to the right page, Wilson can quote the exact rate at which new telephones are being installed, the revenues of local companies affiliated with A. T. & T., or the approximate number of telephones expected to be in use in the next five years.

WILSON CANNOT REMEMBER a time in his life when he did not have to earn money. The only period of mild prosperity in his early life occurred when his father invested the profits of his Terre Haute upholstery shop in a neighborhood nickelodeon. Lee cranked the hand projector in back of the theater while his mother sold tickets out front. When the theater could afford an extra hand, Wilson turned over the projector to a friend and took his place at the piano.

At one time or another during his high-school and college days, Wilson worked as a surveyor, designed railroad bridges, installed telephones, played in a dance orchestra on Saturday nights, even shoveled ore for a chemical company. But not long after entering Rose Polytechnic Institute in Terre Haute, he came to the conclusion that he had been spending too much time working and too little time making friends.

Immediately, he set out to do something about this. First, he took over leadership of a Boy Scout troop. In less than a year the troop had won several Scout championships and had a long waiting list. Meanwhile, on the campus, Wilson was making friends at such a pace that he was voted into the student council, and appointed to the staff of the college magazine.

Naturally, young Wilson's extraordinary abilities had made him known to local Indiana businessmen. Before he was graduated from college, various industries were offering him jobs. Wilson took the offer of the telephone company, starting as a student in the traffic division at $27.50 a week.

From that day onward, Wilson has moved steadily up through the ranks of the Bell System. When he had progressed all the way from traffic student to traffic superintendent for Indianapolis, he met and married a former chief operator, Blanche Wellhide. He is just as proud of his wife's five-year service pin as he is of his own record of more than 28 years with the company.

With real enthusiasm, Wilson likes to describe the still-far-distant day when it will be possible to dial a number on a telephone in California and within seconds be talking to a friend in Maine. "You will simply dial the number," Wilson explains. "The connection is made, the time the call was started and ended is recorded automatically—along with the numbers of both telephones."

A relentless curiosity has had a great deal to do with Wilson's success. Through the early years of his company career, he spent free time asking anybody in sight questions that had to do with telephone operations. If he couldn't find anybody to talk to, he read another book on the subject.

On one notable occasion, his

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ability to ask questions and evaluate answers performed an extraordinary service for A. T. & T. In 1946, Wilson was suddenly appointed financial vice-president. His assignment—to develop a program for bringing new capital into the company. In terms of the Bell System's need for new equipment to meet the postwar demand, this meant plans involving billions.

Since he admittedly knew little about finance, Wilson spent days and nights asking questions of financiers, bankers, economists—anybody who could tell him anything about financial methods. At the end of three months, he analyzed all the information he had collected and began working on plans. Once he had the plan he was sure was best, he put it into action immediately.

How well it worked is proven by an amazing statistic—at the end of the following year, it had brought 1¾ billion new dollars of investors' money into the company and its subsidiaries. This was the beginning of what has been called the greatest corporate expansion program of all time.

No one among the A. T. and T. executive corps was the least surprised, therefore, when Wilson, at only 47, was elected to take the place of the company's famed past-president, Walter S. Gifford. No one, that is, except Wilson himself. And the chief witness to his surprise was the man who recruited Wilson into company service 28 years ago —Fred L. Thomas.

Thomas and Wilson were talking over the long-distance phone when Wilson was summoned to a conference. "Lee was gone for a few minutes," Thomas recalls. "When he came back, I became the first person to know that he had just been made president. He was as surprised as though someone had just told him the world had ended."

That Wilson could be flabbergasted results from the homely philosophy which has guided him from the first day he reported for work. He has always been too busy with the work in hand to think about the next highest position.

"If you concentrate on your present job," Leroy A. Wilson likes to say, "the future has a way of taking care of itself."

Literary Bulls-eyes

Contentment consists not in great wealth but in few wants. —Epictetus

The best reformers the world has ever seen are those who commence on themselves. —George Bernard Shaw

There are two insults which no human will endure: the assertion that he hasn't a sense of humor, and the doubly impertinent assertion that he has never known trouble. —Sinclair Lewis

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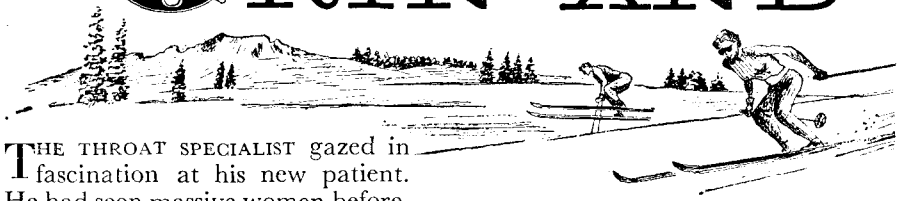
GRIN AND



THE THROAT SPECIALIST gazed in fascination at his new patient. He had seen massive women before, but none her equal. He studied her face, broad and calm, her ample bosom, her large, soft brown eyes—then he murmured absent-mindedly: "Open your mouth, please. Now say 'Moo.' "

THE LAWYER LISTENED with what patience he could muster while his client tearfully related the story of her unhappy life with her husband. When she paused to wipe away her tears, he gently inquired, "Just what do you want me to do?"

"Sue him for breach of promise!" the woman cried.

"But you've been married to him for ten years!" the startled lawyer protested.

"I know!" agreed the unhappy wife. "But seven years ago he promised me a divorce!" —*Wall Street Journal*

DURING A traffic-safety drive in Chicago a rookie policeman stopped one driver who had been exceeding the speed limit. "Going pretty fast, weren't you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I suppose I was," replied the driver. Then, as though he thought to avoid a ticket, he added: "I'm a sergeant on the traffic detail, off duty at the moment."

The rookie, who had begun to write a ticket for traffic-law violation, glanced at the police sergeant's badge and credentials—and continued to fill out the form. "Look here, young man," said the sergeant with some irritation, "someday you may be sent to the traffic detail. Just remember, I'll be the sergeant there."

With a smile, the rookie cop handed the sergeant his ticket. "Well, sergeant, when I get there, remember that you have a good man working for you!"

A WELL-KNOWN MIMIC was entertaining at a party one night when, to everyone's amazement, she burst into song and rendered an operatic aria beautifully.

"I didn't know you sang so well," her hostess was moved to remark.

"I can't sing at all," was the prompt reply. "I was just imitating Lily Pons."

—JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (DOUBLEDAY)

"DARLING," announced the weary husband, "I've made up my mind to stay home this evening."

"Too late, Harry," chirped the little woman. "I've made up my face to go out." —HELEN RUTLEY

"TELL ME, who is really the boss in your house, Joe?" inquired a friend.

"Well," said Joe thoughtfully, "of course Maggie assumes com-

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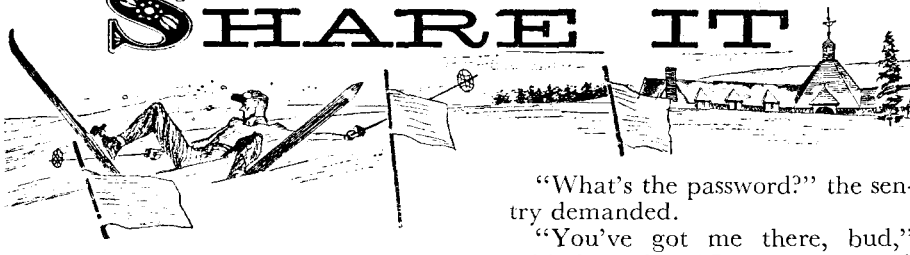

mand of the children, the servants, the cat, and the canary. But I say pretty much what I please to the goldfish." —*Capper's Weekly*

THE BLOOD Collection Center was very busy that morning and as a nurse rushed out of the room with a container of freshly drawn fluid she met a gentleman who was a regular donor. They recognized each other and the nurse flung brightly over her shoulder: "Jump right into bed, sir. I'll be with you in a minute." —MRS. STELLA STARK

A NURSERY-SCHOOL teacher asked her pupils: "Now, children, who can tell me what makes you grow big and healthy?"

"Drinking your milk every day," a tiny girl answered promptly.

"Eating all your vegetables up," said another.

That seemed to exhaust the possibilities until, after a pause, a small boy suggested thoughtfully: "Having a baby." —*Anonymous*

RETURNING VETERANS swear it happened one night in Korea. Hearing a rustling in the bushes, the sentry challenged with the usual: "Who goes there?"

"An American soldier," came a relieved voice from the darkness.

"What's the password?" the sentry demanded.

"You've got me there, bud," said the voice. "I've been cut off for two days."

"Then repeat the second stanza of *The Star Spangled Banner*," said the sentry warily.

"I don't know the words."

"Advance, American soldier, and be recognized," said the sentry cordially. —WILLIAM O. FOSS

IN A WELL-KNOWN regiment a certain company changed officers. The new officer to take command was of diminutive stature, which was more striking as the company was composed of well-built men.

Many remarks were passed about the new officer, to which he paid little attention. One day, however, he heard a man say in a low voice, "And a little child shall lead them."

Next day the following notice appeared on the bulletin board:

"Company A will take an 18-mile route march with full packs. And a little child shall lead them on a great big horse." —L. S. SMITH

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The Mystery OF THE VANISHED JUDGE

by HENRY LEE

What strange fate overtook Justice Crater? After 20 years, the world still wonders

THE SCENE IS New York's Times Square on a sultry Wednesday evening in August, and dozens of passers-by on West 45th Street are, unwittingly, as close as they will ever be to real-life mystery.

Out of a restaurant comes a laughing threesome—a showgirl, a theatrical lawyer, and a tall, heavy-set man with brown eyes and silver-gray hair. Very shortly, the latter's face will appear on the front page of every newspaper in the country.

Tonight he is wearing a double-breasted brown suit with white stripe, and shoes with extremely pointed toes. But the effect is marred by his Panama hat, size 6⅝ths, which makes his head seem almost ludicrously small as he minces to the curb to flag a tan-colored taxi.

We think, but we can't be certain, that he is carrying about $6,000 in cash, and a gun. At any rate, he waves good-bye to his friends, enters the cab, vanishes in the westward-moving traffic. And he vanishes forever.

The disappearance of Justice Joseph Force Crater of the New York State Supreme Court at 9:15 P. M. on August 6, 1930, is *the* classic unsolved mystery on America's police blotter, despite a $250,000 search that crisscrossed the continent, reached down to South America and up into Canada. Even today, 20 years later, the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York police lists the case as "open," though Crater has been legally dead now for 11 years.

Of course, Crater's body has been "found" all over the U.S. He was, it was mistakenly thought, the man who hanged himself from a tree less than 15 miles from Crater's summer home at Belgrade Lakes, Maine, and an unidentified murder victim in Westchester County, New York.

Alive, he has been "seen" as a

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patron of New York night clubs, a prospector near the Mexican border, an amnesia victim in Southern insane asylums, and the operator of a bingo game in Africa.

A note ostensibly written by him on a playing card was found floating in a bottle near Toledo, Ohio. It said that he was being held captive on a houseboat in the Detroit River. The card, appropriately, was the joker.

The "dead" Craters can be written off, as the Judge was easily identifiable through his unusually small head, his artificial dentures, and his right index finger, which had been maimed.

Unless he was cremated or given an underworld casket of cement and a river burial, his body would be recognized anywhere.

RESTLESS, HARD-DRIVING, ambitious from early youth, Justice Crater was graduated from Lafayette College and Columbia University Law School, and immediately plunged into the legal-political life of New York. A practical politician, he became president of a Democratic club on the upper West Side, working hand-in-glove with Tammany district leaders who might help his career.

Though considered cautious, he was a heavy speculator in the stock market, one of his brokers' accounts having a turnover of $120,000. In his law practice, he once represented some of the Musica interests and must have been acquainted with the notorious Philip Musica, later known as F. Donald Coster, whose swindles almost wrecked the McKesson & Robbins drug empire.

In Crater's private life, there was the same note of paradox. In 1917, he met Stella Mance Wheeler when she obtained his services as a divorce lawyer. Seven days after the divorce had been granted, she and Crater were married. They were apparently a devoted couple.

Yet Crater had been a gay figure in the speakeasy night clubs of the era. For some time he had been paying $80 to $90 monthly toward the support of an attractive saleswoman in a midtown dress shop. Despite these seamy revelations, Mrs. Crater protested that he would never have voluntarily disrupted their life together.

On April 8, 1930, Crater obtained an appointment to fill an unexpired term on the State Supreme Court and had, or thought he had, a pledge from Tammany that he would receive the nomination that fall for a full term. It was a rich plum—14 years at a salary of $25,000 a year.

Those who insist that Crater met with accident or foul play point out that he was at a triumphant moment in his career. Hence, they say, he didn't vanish of his own free will. Others believe that private involvements forced him to flee blackmail or a political scandal.

Crater had served as receiver for a grandiose hotel project on the lower East Side, subsequently taken over by the city for housing and street widening at a price running into millions. Several years later, when the project was abandoned, Mayor LaGuardia was asked why.

"Page Mr. Crater!" La Guardia snapped. "There was so much graft in the condemnation procedure on that project!"

This was the situation the first

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week end in August, 1930, as the Justice loafed at his Maine cottage, waiting for the courts to reopen for the fall term.

The phone rang. Crater talked with someone who has never been publicly identified, and his wife heard him grumble vaguely about "having to straighten those fellows out." Then he left for New York, promising to be back the following Saturday, August 9.

By accident or design, Crater covered his movements well. Despite energetic backtracking later by detectives, private investigators, and friends, this is all that is known:

Monday, August 4. In the morning, Crater was at his five-room Fifth Avenue apartment. He told the maid to return the following Thursday and clean up. After that, he said, he wouldn't need her till Monday, August 25.

At 1 P. M., he lunched in a restaurant on lower Broadway almost across from City Hall. Between 4 and 5 P. M., he saw his doctor in Greenwich Village.

Tuesday, August 5. Between 10 and 11 A. M., he was seen in the corridors of the County Courthouse and also in his own judicial chambers there.

Did he know that on that same day, a richly dressed woman, who gave the name of "Lorraine Fay," was consulting another lawyer about bringing a $100,000 breach of promise suit against him?

He lunched with a fellow justice and dined that evening at the home of his physician, remaining there till 12:30 A. M. Presumably, he slept in his own bed that night, for the maid found the sheets mussed.

Wednesday, August 6. In the hours before his disappearance, Crater did several unusual things. In his chambers, he wrote two checks to "Cash," for $3,000 and $2,150. His confidential attendant, Joseph L. Mara, cashed them and returned with $5,150 in large bills. Crater stuffed the envelopes in a pocket without removing the money.

From his secretary, Frederick A. Johnson, he borrowed a brief case and six folders. Closing the door to his inner office, he apparently stuffed papers into the borrowed brief case and one belonging to himself. Then he and Mara taxied to the Crater apartment where the mysterious bundles were left in the living room.

"You can go now, Mara," Crater said. "I'm going up to Westchester for a swim. I'll be back tomorrow." He took off his vest and put aside all his monogrammed personal effects, including card case, fountain pen, watch, and chain.

His trail cannot be picked up again till 7:30 o'clock that evening when he visited a theater-ticket agency and reserved *one* ticket for that night's performance of *Dancing Partners*, a musical.

Then Crater dropped into a restaurant on near-by 45th Street. A friend, William Klein, was sitting at a table with a showgirl. The meeting was casual, not by appointment. It was at least 9:15 o'clock when Crater left the restaurant and entered the tan-colored cab . . .

THE JUSTICE'S disappearance left three women wondering, then fearful, and finally panic-stricken. In Belgrade Lakes, Mrs. Crater worried that he didn't phone her, but she didn't become alarmed until Saturday. In New York, the sales-

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woman worried in secret. Crater was to have met her after the theater that Wednesday night. But he didn't show up. The third woman, a brunette ex-Follies girl, vanished herself when she heard of Crater's disappearance.

When Crater failed to take his place on the bench on August 25, his wife hastened to the city. Then, on September 3, almost four weeks after his disappearance, the news became public.

In the Crater apartment, five detectives almost dismantled the place as they vainly sought clues. They even searched the hems on all of Mrs. Crater's dresses.

One by one, the most promising leads came to nothing. Neither the tan taxi nor its driver nor "Lorraine Fay" could be located. The brief cases and folders were as mysteriously missing as the Justice himself.

Crater's safe-deposit box was opened. It was empty. The single ticket to *Dancing Partners* had been claimed at the box office—but nobody knew by whom.

Police attached significance to Crater's removing all identifying personal effects a few hours before he vanished. "Crater's disappearance was premeditated," Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney said. "Nonsense," replied the jurist's defenders.

Even among those who knew Crater best, opinion was divided. A close legal associate believed he had killed himself. "He wasn't the type," Mrs. Crater said proudly. "If Joe was mixed up in a scandal, he would have fought."

Then something happened which shook all preconceived theories. After months of seclusion in Maine, Mrs. Crater returned to the apartment and, on *January 20, 1931*, in her bedroom, found these articles in a bureau drawer:

A large manila envelope which contained $6,690 in bills of $1,000, $500, $50, and $10 denominations, and three checks for $500, $12, and $9, made out to Crater and endorsed by him. A second envelope containing some stocks and bonds. A binder holding his three life-insurance policies, one for $10,000 and two for $5,000 each.

In a memorandum headed "Confidential," Crater listed nine alleged debts totaling $20,410. In addition, he reminded his wife of the "very large sum" due him in the hotel case. There was also a check made out by Crater to himself, dated August 30, 1930.

The three pencil-written sheets ended on this note: "I am very whary (weary), Joe."

The five detectives said that when they had minutely searched the apartment, none of these things had been there.

Why did Crater, his abductors, or murderers, at great risk of detection, slip into the locked apartment when the papers could have been mailed to Mrs. Crater? It would appear that the intruders must have *wanted* something hidden there. If so, we still do not know what they sought or whether they found it.

In 1938, when she remarried, Mrs. Crater offered the Justice's 16-line will for probate, disposing of a modest estate which consisted chiefly of $10,000 back pay as a justice. On June 6, 1939, eight years and nine months after his disappearance, Crater was legally pronounced dead.

But the mystery wouldn't die;

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with the help of an attorney, Emil K. Ellis, Mrs. Crater sought to force the insurance companies to pay off on double-indemnity policies amounting to about $50,000. The Companies resisted, and a court fight seemed probable until Ellis related the most sensational Crater story of all.

Not politics but blackmail, the lawyer argued, had caused Crater's disappearance and death. From his own investigation, he said, he was convinced that on the night Crater vanished he had visited the mid-town apartment of the *third* woman, the ex-Follies girl. There, Ellis believed, he offered her the $6,000 cash to leave town.

Instead, the lawyer went on, two gangster friends of the woman tried to boost the figure to $50,000, and when Crater refused there was a fight in the taxi. Crater was killed, his body brought back to the woman's apartment, and later taken to New Jersey for cremation under a faked death certificate.

The woman promptly disappeared, said Ellis, but he had finally located her in an insane asylum.

It is interesting to note that after hearing Ellis' arguments, the insurance companies paid a $20,561 settlement. But they refused to pay double indemnity.

Though all this was more than 10 years ago, even today the mystery will not die. And all we really *know* was summed up 20 years ago by the grand jury which took 975 pages of testimony from every available witness: "The evidence is insufficient to warrant any expression of opinion as to whether Crater is alive or dead, or as to whether he has absented himself voluntarily, or is a sufferer from disease in the nature of amnesia, or the victim of a crime."

Dubious Diagnosis

A MAN VISITED his doctor and complained of feeling ill. After a routine check during which he discovered no ailments, the puzzled medico said: "Tell me something; do you smoke?"

"No," said the patient. "I once smoked when I was a boy, but it made me sick and I haven't smoked since."

"Do you drink?" asked the physician.

"Certainly not! I am a firm believer in prohibition."

"Have you ever kissed a girl?"

"No, and I never shall—not until I am united in the bonds of holy matrimony."

The doctor pursed his lips. "Do you have pains in the head?"

"No, no pains in the head—"

"Strange," muttered the doctor. "I thought your halo might be on too tight."

"—but I do have pains in the back," the man continued.

"That's it!" exclaimed the M.D. "I knew I was close. You haven't learned to fold your wings properly in the subway." —*Advance*

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Life of the Party

THE MODERN HOSTESS, attuned to the social trends of the times, has her guests assigned to teams, fully equipped and ready to be launched into a series of hilarious party games that are sweeping film, radio, and television circles. Ranging from simple "balance the balloon" games to charades that will ruffle the stiffest dignity, they are sure to cure the palling conversation and little smiles of boredom that often replace the open expectancy with which a party begins.

In these pictures, members of Hollywood's younger set, Hugh O'Brien, Vanessa Brown, Barbara Lawrence, and Dick Erdman (*left to right*), act out some favorites.

The game they are playing here involves a timed effort by a blindfolded contestant to pick up scat-

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BALANCE THE BALLOON

Harder than a potato-sack race is one in which the participants move toward the finish line while balancing a balloon on a spoon held between the teeth.

CATCH THE ORANGE

An indoor variation on volleyball employs an orange but no net. The object is to bat the orange to your partner across the room without losing possession of it.

THE NOSE KNOWS

Once blindfolded, your teammate is on his own when he tries to guess what an object is by smell. Only deodorized skunks are recommended for props here.

tered pieces of cotton with a spoon and deposit them in a large pot.

Other party icebreakers that continually find their way into activities at these uproarious celebrity frolics are such classics as:

SEARCH ME

In this, the host takes his guests aside one by one and hides on them, in plain sight, small objects such as a piece of adhesive tape on a man's collar or a strand of yellow thread wrapped around a gold ring. The first person to give correctly the hiding place of all the hidden articles is the winner.

NAME THE TUNE

Here the host plays, on the gramophone or piano, the first eight bars of 20 different tunes. One point is given for every song identified cor-

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CHARADES

Charades is an old-timer but is still going strong. Using motion and expression but no props or sounds, you try to convey a title or slogan to your teammates.

BLOW THE BALLOON

The court is divided by a string for this one. Using a balloon or a feather, each team tries to keep the object on its opponents' side by sheer wind power.

rectly. This game can run from the classical right down to jazz, according to the guests' tastes.

WHO AM I?

A sign with the name of a famous person, dead, living or fictional, is pinned on the back of each participant. The object is for all the players to identify themselves by asking questions of one another. Only one question is allowed of each person at a time, and the answer is limited to "yes" or "no."

THREAD THE NEEDLE

Each male guest is given a needle and thread for props and a girl for a partner. The only requirement for playing is that the men wear four-in-hand ties, as the point of the game is for the man to thread the needle while his partner ties his tie.

BLOW BUBBLES

A pot of soapy water and straws for each couple are the props this time. Using a technique of childhood, each team tries to blow the largest bubbles.

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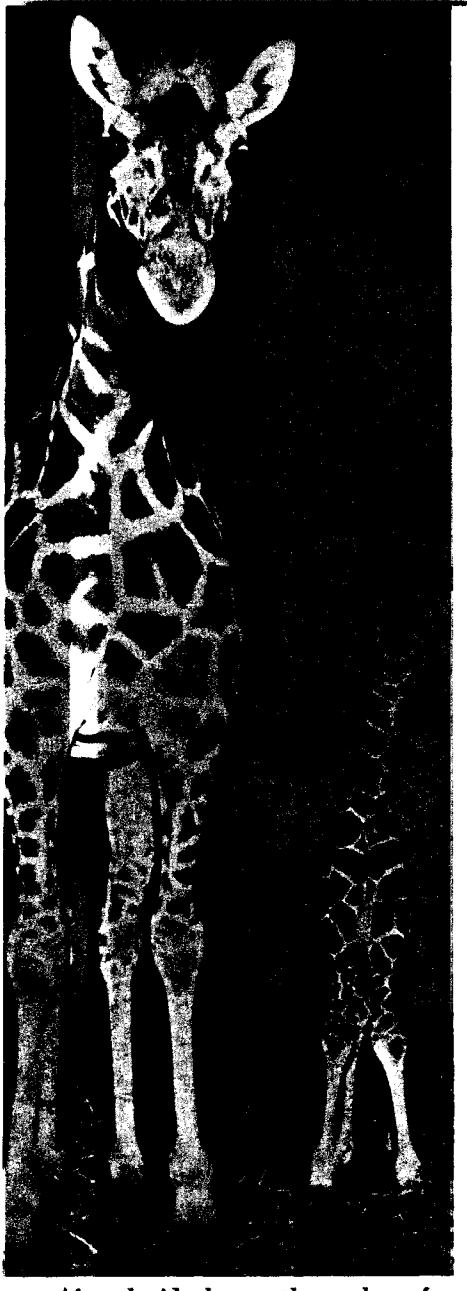
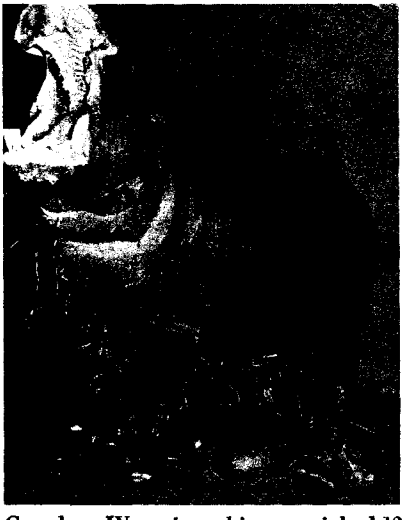
Nature's Babies

NEW BIRTH is a proud hour in all realms of the animal kingdom. The two parents shown on this page are justifiably happy that now Mother's Day will have a special meaning for them, too. Mrs. "Momba" Giraffe patiently endured 15 months of pregnancy before she presented her daughter to the world. For Mrs. Hippopotamus, motherhood occurred in roughly half that time.

Both mothers assumed an air of matronly watchfulness over their offspring, guiding their first steps, teaching them rules of conduct, preparing them for life and the world.



Afoot beside her mother only a few hours after entering this world, young Augie towered six feet in height at birth.



Gumdrop IV, a pigmy hippo, weighed 12 pounds at birth, a midget beneath his proudly laughing 450-pound mother.

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Creation's Footprint

ENSHROUDED by cloudy mists in Ceylon is a strange, giant footprint on a mountain rock which, each first full moon of March, attracts thousands of pilgrims. Despite conflicting legends, three religions worship there in harmony.

It is, Mohammedans believe, the footprint of Adam, God's first creation, who stood atop the mountain on one foot for 1,000 years in penance for his sin, and so they call the mountain Adam's Peak.

Buddhists claim the print was made by Buddha Gautama, who showed his prowess to the world by standing with one foot on the mountaintop, the other in the valley below. But the Hindus say it is the footprint of the goddess Siva.

Approximately five feet long and two-and-a-half feet broad, the print is encased in an open shrine at the summit of the 7,000-foot mountain, and it is attended by Buddhist priests who live near-by.

So majestic is the view from the summit that Mohammedans believe Adam considered Ceylon a Paradise on earth, and he brought Eve from Mecca to live there.

Alexander the Great visited the footprint in 330 B. C., legends say, and, in the 13th century, Marco Polo climbed the mountain. Millions have followed their footsteps up Adam's Peak to venerate the footprint whose truth is lost in Time.

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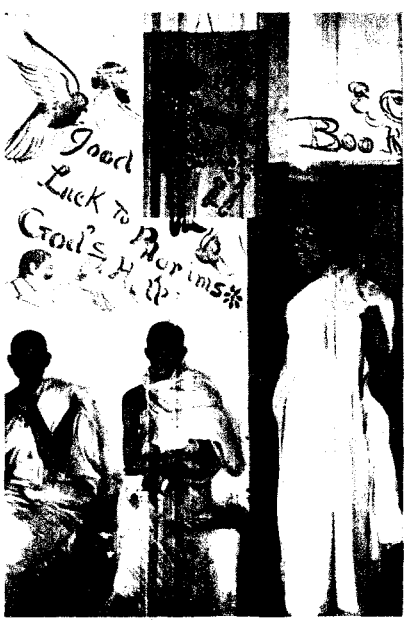
Before they begin their annual ascent of Adam's Peak, Native Ceylonese dancers perform traditional dances in the foothills at sunset before the dawn services.

Despite installations of rails and electric lights, the pathway remains congested and dangerous. The aged and infirm are usually carried by stronger pilgrims.



Buddhist monks, who believe the print was made by Buddha Gautama, make the pilgrimage, resting at wayside huts.

The path is lined with beggars who ask alms. Adam's Peak is a holy place to three religions of 800 million followers.

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om the rugged ascent, awed by the ancient legends, the pilgrims pray. Adam's Peak, pilgrims wait the purifying warmth of the morning sun.

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Like Father, Like Son

THE STEEL TYCOON looked at his young son and shook his head sadly.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife in alarm. "Is anything wrong with him?"

"No, no," was the hasty reply. "I was just thinking that he hardly looks the type to become chairman of the board."

There was a time when a man never doubted that his son would follow in the paternal footsteps. For generations, some of New England's best-known statesmen were named Adams. John Adams' son later followed the second President of the U.S. into the White House.

In an age of professional diversity and specialization, however, the son who chooses his father's profession is the exception rather than the rule; a famous name can be a mixed blessing. Keenan Wynn reflects that "I had to work twice as hard and be three times as good to make up for being Ed Wynn's boy."

Yet sometimes the lure of politics, the stage, or profession is such that a chip off the old block cannot resist. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. (above), for example, is, with talent and ambition, profiting by one of the most famous names in recent history.

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When Henry Ford II took over the Ford Motor Co., Detroit expected chaos. Next year, however, one labor leader called the 33-year-old "one of the greatest industrial statesmen of the auto industry."

Philip Willkie, whose father came out of obscurity to sweep the 1940 Republican Convention, was elected to the Indiana State Legislature at 28. "I was helped by the way my father conducted his life."

The whimsical humor and engaging manner that distinguished his father once helped Will Rogers, Jr. win a Congressional election. He resigned his seat in Congress to fight in World War II.

At 25, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. wrote *The Age of Jackson*. It won a Pulitzer Prize for the young historian, and the congratulations of his eminent father, himself an author and professor of history.

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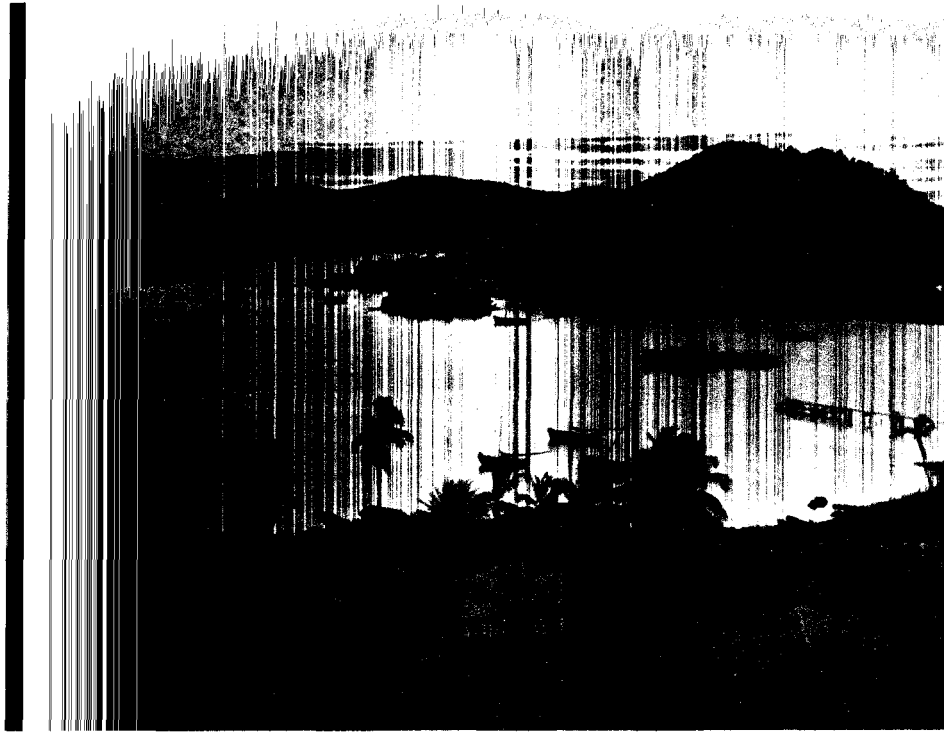

RENO OF THE TROPICS

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS, most easterly of our possessions, lavishly offer picturesqueness, colorful history, air-conditioned climate, and bargains in almost everything. Today, they have capped a checkered career by becoming America's newest divorce mecca (divorces, too, are bargains there).

First tourist to discover the Virgins was Columbus, who named them for the 11,000 murdered maidens of St. Ursula. As time passed, they were visited, and ravished, by Spaniards, British, Dutch, French, and numerous pirates and smugglers. Then the Danes came in.

When, in 1917, the U.S. bought them from Denmark for $25,000,000, it did so to forestall a possible wave of German submarine "tourists." Lately, tired but still alluring, the Islands were hoping to settle down to a carefree old age, only to have a stream of freedom-seeking husbands and wives descend upon them. About 1,000 miles southeast of Florida, the Islands' lovely harbors (like that of Charlotte Amalie, located on St. Thomas and pictured above)—their pastel-tinted towns and easy-going tropical ways—appeal not only to prospective divorcees but also to those at the other end of the marriage scale: romantic honeymooners.

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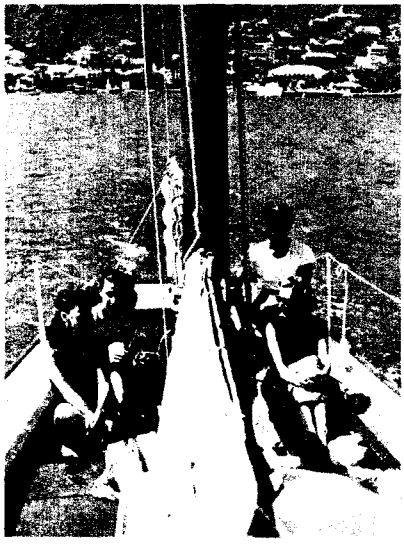
In competition with Reno and Las Vegas, the Virgin Islands now permit divorce on six weeks' residence. Movie actress Arline Judge, one of the many to have benefited from this leniency, is shown here with Gen. Walter Reed, Jr., retired. who is a resident of Charlotte Amalie.

Doing a land-office business, lawyers tell their clients that Virgin Islands divorces rank as Federal, not state, actions, that they are just as good as the Nevada, Florida, or Wyoming variety and, on the whole, cost less, including round-trip fare, upkeep, and six weeks of sunshine.



As distinguished from the honkey-tonk recreations which infest most divorce centers, those of the Virgin Islands are healthful to a degree. They include sailing, riding horses through the surf, swimming, fishing, and dancing under stars as bright as 100-watt electric-light bulbs.

Not infrequently the charm of the Virgin Islands persuades divorcees to linger for a while after their legal surgery. Here, a vacationing divorcee (center) and a happily married part-time resident (left) are helping to cheer the convalescence of the newly discharged patient.

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Tempest of Rhythm

IN SPAIN, dancing is a pastime symbolic of the people, somewhat like hiking in England and taking the family for a Sunday drive in the U.S. Many Spanish dances seem to be entirely unrehearsed—mere stormy outpourings of emotion. However, this appearance usually is deceptive. Most of them not only have long histories but are calculated down to the last heel-tap and fillip of the castanets.

They are taught in schools, one of the most distinguished of which—that of Rafael Pericet Carmona in Seville—is pictured on these pages. Prof. Pericet Carmona has trained many of Spain's greatest dancers, from childhood up. In a room as austere as a cell, young girls like 15-year-old Manolita, shown above, painstakingly learn the tempestuous steps and gyrations that one day will look so spontaneous.

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Yolanda Rodriguez, one of the school's most talented pupils and now an established professional dancer, returns from time to time to do postgraduate work.

If France is the nursery of the European dances, Spain is its cradle. Steps, like those Yolanda is practicing here, date far back into the dim Spanish past.

While Manolita whirls and clacks her castanets, the mothers of other students look on critically. Of course each of the parents thinks her daughter best. Together they form an audience tougher than most professionals have to face.

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Glamorous Grandmothers

VANISHING is the era when Grandma was the little old lady back on the farm, who spoiled your appetite with midafternoon candy and defended you against your parents. Today, Granny is stepping high.

Among those setting the pace for this extension of youth are the four youthful grandmothers presented on these pages. Each is known for her beauty as well as her brains; each can hold her own against pretty upstarts half her age.

Author Betty MacDonald (*Anybody Can Do Anything*) who, at 42, has the vivacity of a teen-ager and the wit of a sage, is already the grandmother of one, and expects the total to rise to three by spring.

Contrary to widespread accusations, a glamorous grandmotherhood for these shining examples has not been the result of a life of ease and luxury. Each has known hardship, heartaches, and hard work. And despite the advantages of youth in their fields, none has tried to keep her children or her grandchildren from the public eye.

If there is magic in the loveliness of these grandmothers, it can only be in their easy merriment, the love they have for their children, and their conviction that happiness, like laughter, is valuable only when it is shared.

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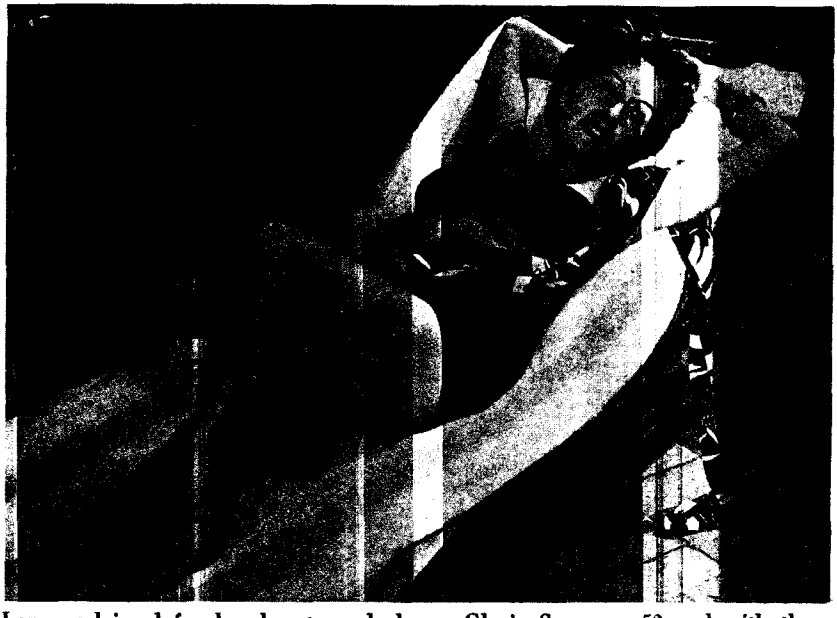
Glamorous Marlene Dietrich, 46, fought studio efforts to keep secret the birth of her grandson almost three years ago.

Joan Bennett was a mother at 17, a grandmother at 38. Her fourth daughter is not much older than her granddaughter.



Long acclaimed for her beauty and charm, Gloria Swanson, 52 and with three grandchildren, proves that glamour is not the exclusive luxury of the young.

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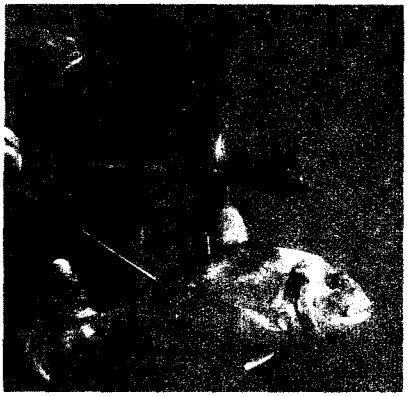
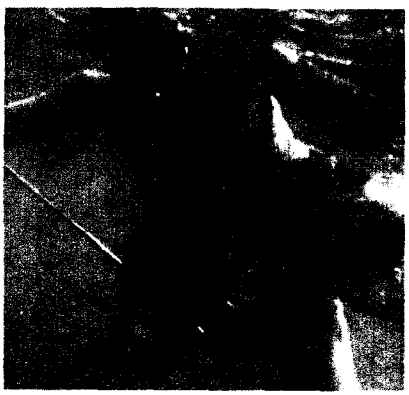


An underwater fisherman and his catch.



Inky fluid is an octopus' camouflage.

The hunt over, man and fish come up.

UNDERWATER GUNMEN

BENEATH THE WARM Mediterranean, the playful dolphin and the tentacled octopus are reluctantly sharing their deepest haunts with strangely garbed land creatures—intrepid members of the French Underwater Hunters Club. Having decided that fishing with a hook and a line was too tame, these hardy young men have gone below the sea to stalk the fish in their own element. Interlopers in the lair of the deadly shark and the vicious barracuda, they face sudden danger every moment.

Prime requisites for membership in the Club seem to be enduring lung power and cold courage. As long as the hunter skims the surface seeking his prey, a periscope-like tube which acts as an air vent allows him to breathe. When he sights his target and dives to the attack, the vent automatically closes, and the hunt continues only as long as the hunter can hold his breath and keep his nerve.

Borrowing from wartime "frogmen," the underwater fisherman wears foot flippers which propel him speedily through the water. A rubber facepiece, a spring-powered harpoon gun, and the incredible patience of all true fishermen round out his equipment.

One hears few tall stories about fish at the Club's Marseilles base. The truth is fantastic enough.

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INDIANAPOLIS Finds a CURE for SLUMS

by J. P. FOLINSBEE

Like a miracle drug, Flanner House has restored a stricken area to good health

EVERYONE KNOWS what happens when a drop of miracle-working penicillin is centered in a culture of bacteria. Slowly and relentlessly, the penicillin goes to work on the diseased area and cleans it up.

In bustling Indianapolis, a similarly miraculous transformation is taking place in the decayed and disgraceful heart of one of the nation's most blighted slum areas. The "drop of penicillin" is called Flanner House.

Indianapolis, one of the largest inland cities in the U.S., has long been a bridge of migration from South to North. In Civil War days, it was an important station on the famed Underground Railway. Consequently, the city has proportionately more Negroes than any other north of the Mason-Dixon Line. The recent census shows some 85,000 Negroes and 365,000 whites.

In its simplest terms, Flanner House is a neighborhood Negro settlement house. In its far-reaching, positive, and enlightening effects, it is an inspiring example of what can be accomplished when people—some who happen to be white, some who happen to be black—join forces to lick an ugly community problem.

In existence since 1898, Flanner House became a potent force only in 1936. That year, its directors brought dynamic Cleo Blackburn from Tuskegee Institute to take charge of the struggling foundation. A man of vision who knows how to dream big dreams and then make them come true, Blackburn zealously completed an exhaustive survey of the appalling living conditions and defeatist attitudes of Indianapolis' northwest section. Then, selecting an abandoned tile factory on West 16th Street—in the grim heart of the depressed area—he moved into action.

"Here," he said, "is where Flanner House must stand."

He persuaded the city to buy the site for $35,000 and rent it to the settlement for 99 years at $1 a year. But a building commensurate with the terrible need was something else again. Funds were scarce. However, 2,000,000-odd bricks were available in the walls and foundations of the ruined factory.

"We'll reclaim those bricks," Blackburn declared with confidence, "and help build Flanner House ourselves."

Soon, dramatic things were happening. A factory worker, driving past, noticed a white woman and a colored woman sitting on a pile of

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rubble, chatting together and cleaning bricks. Surprised, he mentioned it to his wife. Next day she, too, was busy cleaning brick.

A work camp of Quaker students from various sections of the country volunteered energetic aid. Soon, word spread, and dozens of Indianapolis citizens who had never lifted a brick in their lives were there. Businessmen and industrialists, who came to witness the curious phenomenon, stayed to help, or backed the project with funds.

The astounding teamwork captured the imagination of Hilyard Robinson, Negro architect, and he came from Washington to design the spacious brick-and-glass buildings. Finished, Flanner House cost something less than *half* the lowest original estimate.

Into the ultramodern main building went offices, a nursery school, training kitchens, sewing rooms, class and recreation rooms, libraries for both toys and books. In association with it was a community cannery, and one of the largest gardening projects in the country to keep the cannery humming.

In 33 subsidiary classes throughout the area, more than 700 eager pupils each year began to learn cooking, weaving, fine arts, tailoring, and homemaking—all under the direction of the settlement staff, composed of 25 Negroes and nine white associates. Booth Tarkington called it the work of "educated hearts," born of good will.

COMING FROM the simple rural world of the South, the average migrating Negro is totally unprepared for the industrial North, and bewildered by it. He must be educated to a completely new way of life. Undirected, many fail bitterly and sift to the lowest levels of society—to remain a burden to themselves and to the community.

"It is not only a matter of teaching such people a working skill," Blackburn says. "It is as fundamental as teaching why it is important to get to work on time in the morning, keep one's hands clean, and learn to get along with neighbors and fellow workers. Above all, we are in the business of helping people to help themselves."

In the home-economics department, women and inexperienced girls are taught the intricacies of modern household equipment, the manners and work attitudes that make for successful employment—and even more vital, happy human relationships among themselves and with co-workers.

Success stories have become numerous. Mrs. Ella B. Turner, department supervisor, recalls a courageous widow who helped put five children through college on the receipts of fancy weaving and sewing she learned at Flanner House.

The department for training physically handicapped persons remembers others. Here, a grandmother who was forced to walk with two canes, learned to make a living as a dressmaker; and a youngster stricken with polio learned to support herself with a needle held in her one good hand.

The nursery school and day nursery, with the Flanner House Guild (composed of nurses, dietitians, and wives of professional men as an auxiliary) provide care for children of working mothers at fees ranging from 15 to 75 cents a day,

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depending upon the family's earnings. Neighborhood school children may, under the Guild plan, come trooping in for a hot lunch and a play period after school until their parents call for them.

Handicrafts flourish. Volunteer groups from all over town gather in the evenings to repair hard-used toys from the lending library (a child may draw a toy for a week at a time); and the Make-over Shop holds popular social evenings which see odd bits of material and mill-ends turned into usable garments. The men have evening hobby-jobs in cabinet making, gardening, and home improvement—with tools, materials, and skilled advice at their command.

"As long as people are willing to try and help themselves," Blackburn says, "they can find a way to do it at Flanner House."

But the job does not end there. Many industries depend upon Flanner House's help, not only to supply efficient workers but to aid in straightening out internal problems arising from the introduction, integration, and advancement of colored employees.

During World War II, for example, 50 Negro girls were trained by Flanner to sew parachutes in cooperation with white girl workers. They performed so admirably that the company hired more and more Negro girls, selected with the assistance of Flanner House.

Blackburn is also frequently called upon to iron out difficulties for employers and supervisors. The inevitable result is increased efficiency, better understanding, and, best of all, a friendly relationship unsurpassed in any other city. Which is perhaps why the Junior Chamber of Commerce chose Blackburn a few years ago as the man who had done most for his city that year—an honor unique in Indianapolis annals, and one heartily applauded by its citizens.

IT WAS A PROUD DAY for Flanner House when the $150,000 Herman G. Morgan Health Center was completed a few years ago. It was named for the late chief health officer of Indianapolis and one of Flanner House's warmest friends.

"Many people in this community have never seen a doctor in their lives," declares Dr. Walker H. Maddux, director of the center. "Hundreds rely—or did—on home medications. As a result, a still-considerable number are unwitting carriers of dangerous diseases. In a nutshell, our problem is to help people *who think they are well*."

Incorporated in a "multiple-screening" technique, the clinic examines some 30 people every day, and tests for some 20-odd possible afflictions. In the beginning, the quota was filled reluctantly. Today, the center is forced to make appointments more than ten weeks in advance.

Still, health from the top down is not enough. Flanner House early recognized that the axe must be laid at the very roots of the high disease incidence—the slums themselves.

Indianapolis' northwest slums are not pretty. Sagging, unpainted hovels front on muddy lanes. Few have plumbing of any kind. Because of exorbitant rentals on these shack-homes, a single cramped dwelling may house two or three families,

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with children crammed five in a bed. Yet in the midst of this frightful desolation, Flanner House has again put its drop of penicillin to work. It has been an uphill fight lasting more than five years. But finally, on a leveled tract in the center of the blighted area, the first 21 dwellings of Flanner House Homes, Inc., are nearing completion. Attractive, individually designed five-room homes of the cottage type, they are the vanguard of more than 100 homes to follow. And no one plans to stop there.

Backed by the Federal Housing Authority, the land was purchased from the Indianapolis Redevelopment Commission and resold to the new individual owners at cost. The houses themselves have gone up on a self-help basis that is Flanner House's traditional credo. Everything the owners could make themselves has been done in the Flanner House shops by working evenings and week ends, and later shipped to the job site. All such labor has been pooled, with each man sharing his skills with his soon-to-be neighbors.

"We already feel as though we have been living next door to one another for years," one owner-father put it. "We are already a neighborhood."

The work has stirred the entire community. A visit to the new project has sent countless families home to improve what they already have until they, too, can become a part of the miraculous rebirth of the area. Yet, only a few years ago, skeptics said it couldn't be done.

"It is our hope," Blackburn says, "eventually to work Flanner House out of a job. When that day comes, we shall close our doors with a silent prayer of thanks. It won't happen this year, or likely even in the next 20 years. But it will come."

Candidate's Camouflage

WILLIAM O'DWYER, former Mayor of New York, learned early in his political career to impart to his campaign speeches a friendly, homey touch which greatly endeared him to his audiences and won countless thousands of votes.

It became O'Dwyer's habit, while campaigning for the office of District Attorney, to appear on the platform with a piece of paper in his hand ostensibly covered with notes of the address he was to deliver. He'd peer down into the audience, say, "Hello, Mike," to one spectator, "Howdy, Henry," to another. Then he'd let a broad, infectious grin suffuse his friendly countenance, and tell the people: "I didn't dream I'd see so many of my friends here tonight. I don't need any notes to talk to you folks."

Whereupon he'd crush his paper into a small ball and toss it away. "To you," he would add, placing his hand over his heart, "I can speak from here!"

One night a reporter who had seen O'Dwyer toss away these little slips at dozens of meetings became curious and, after the speech, went up on the stand and retrieved the candidate's latest castaway. It was an old laundry bill!

—JEROME SAXON

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By George, It's Tom!

In the professional world of Dave Garroway, radio and TV comedian and host of "Garroway at Large" (NBC-Television, Sun., 10-10:30 P.M., EST), to be "George" means to be enjoyably rated, but to be "Tom" is to be dreary. Dave thinks you can have a George time with the following TOMs by completing the words containing them. Take five points for each correct answer. If you score 90 or more, you have a George intelligence; between 75 and 90, you're average; below 70, you're Tom. (Answers on page 135.)

1. Male feline ..... T O M _ _ _
2. Musical instrument ..... T _ O M _ _ _ _
3. Highest ..... T O _ M _ _ _
4. Washington city ..... T _ _ O M _
5. Grave marker ..... T O M _ _ _ _ _ _
6. Temperature indicator ..... T _ _ _ _ O M _ _ _ _
7. Banquet chairman ..... T O _ _ _ M _ _ _ _ _
8. Indian weapon ..... T O M _ _ _ _ _
9. Laborious ..... T _ _ _ _ O M _
10. Contest ..... T O _ _ _ _ M _ _ _
11. Nonsense ..... T O M _ _ _ _ _ _ _
12. Trio ..... T _ _ _ _ _ O M _
13. A fellow city-dweller ..... T O _ _ _ M _ _
14. Annoying ..... T _ O _ _ _ _ _ _ M _
15. The day after today ..... T O M _ _ _ _ _
16. Out of that ..... T _ _ _ _ _ _ O M
17. Blood poisoning ..... T O _ _ M _ _
18. Indian carved pole ..... T O _ _ M
19. Branch of mathematics ..... T _ _ _ O _ _ M _ _ _ _
20. Torture ..... T O _ M _ _ _

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My Brother GROUCHO

by HARPO MARX

WHEN GROUCHO was born, he was named Julius. And if today he seems a trifle cynical and unbelieving, blame part of it at least on the fact that he was swindled on the very day of his birth. Minnie (we always called Mother by her first name) had read some place about a fabulously wealthy old man who had left his fortune to an impoverished nephew simply because the nephew had the good sense to be named after him. It seems, also, that this rich old man had gone through life cherishing his millions in solitude; not a soul suspected him of possessing so much as a dime!

Minnie's brother-in-law, Julius, answered this description in that nobody suspected *him* of having even a nickel. So, in the hope that Uncle Julius had a few hidden millions, Minnie named her newborn after him.

It was a great shock to Minnie, and a still greater shock to Groucho, when Uncle Julius finally passed to his reward. If he did have hidden wealth, he kept it hidden so well nobody ever found it. All he left to his heir and namesake was a paper suitcase containing two shirts, a checkered necktie, and an ancient patent medicine almanac.

The Marx flat on 93rd Street in New York was the General Headquarters of the family. There, midst the bubbling of an always-simmering coffeepot, the constant din of conversation, and the calculated madness of five boys, we grew to young manhood. Chico (Leonard) was the oldest, then me (originally Adolph, later Arthur), then Groucho (Julius), then Gummo (Milton), and finally Zeppo (Herbert).

Being an apt pupil who enjoyed books, Groucho had no trouble in school. He was constantly in love with his teacher, no matter what she looked like. In fact, Groucho's love for the written word was equaled if not surpassed only by his love for the opposite sex. He has liked girls since he was two years old. (For a Marx Brother, he was slightly backward at two.)

Groucho's infatuation with the

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language has been the backbone of his entire life and has, undoubtedly, played the largest single part in shaping him into one of the greatest wits of our time. Groucho doesn't regard words the way the rest of us do. He looks at a word in the usual fashion. Then he looks at it upside down, backwards, from the middle out to the ends, and from the ends back to the middle. Next he drops it in a mental Mixmaster, stirs it thoroughly, and studies it again from every angle. Groucho doesn't look for double meanings. He looks for quadruple meanings. And usually finds them.

THE FACT THAT the Marx family was broke had far-reaching effects on Groucho's career. It caused him to regard money with the healthy respect it deserves. And it taught him to have an alert social consciousness that plays an important part in his present philosophy. Groucho knows, because he went through it himself, that there are a great many people in this wonderful land who find the bare struggle for existence an ever-present reality. He will call me on the telephone and verbally horsewhip me for saying it, but I think you should know that he is, in a shy way, a very generous and thoughtful person.

The constant struggle for food, and even more pressing, for the rent money, sent all of us on regular excursions having to do with raising a few bucks. I remember one time the city was ripping up the car tracks on Third Avenue. In the process, workmen piled large iron plates at regular intervals, the plates being necessary to hold the tracks in place when traffic was resumed.

Groucho, with a keen eye for a quick dollar, hit upon the plan of trading for cash as many of the plates as we could lift. With all of us thus employed for several hours, we hijacked and subsequently traded for cash more than 1,000 pounds of plates. For this, the junk dealer paid us a total of ten cents.

Groucho's wariness, shrewdness, and general monetary talents were of great importance to him in later years. You will see what I mean in a moment.

It was a lovely fall day in New York in 1929, and Groucho and his old and equally shrewd financial friend, Max Gordon, the famous Broadway producer, were strolling the links of an exclusive golf club on Long Island. As they played their game, smoking dollar cigars, hitting the ball with gold-plated clubs, and generally personifying the public's picture of Men of Obvious Distinction, Groucho turned to Gordon and asked: "How long has this been going on?"

He could well ask such a question, since he was turning over thousands of dollars a day with his shrewd manipulations on Wall Street. The next day, Black Friday, he was sound asleep, innocently dreaming of life as a multimillionaire, when the phone woke him.

"Groucho?" asked a gruff voice.

"Yes," was the sleepy, platinum-lined response.

"The jig's up!" And the receiver banged in his ear. It was Pauper Gordon notifying Pauper Marx of the crash.

There is disagreement within the family today over the exact cir-

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cumstances surrounding My Brother's first job as a professional entertainer. I'll give you my version of it, to which Groucho half-heartedly subscribes.

At 13, he had a clear, fine soprano voice much admired by Groucho himself, the neighbors, and most sincerely of all by Minnie. So when Mother heard that a boy soprano was needed in the Episcopal Church choir on Madison Avenue, she pulled enough strings to wangle the job for Groucho.

Sing he did . . . for five Sundays in a row, at a dollar a Sunday. Then he lost the job. It is in the losing of same that the family disagreement centers.

According to some, the congregation went off for summer vacations. This may be true, but it doesn't sound quite correct to me, since I've never heard of church congregations taking vacations in a body. Another version has it that Groucho fell in love with one of the worshipers' daughters and spent more time making goo-goo eyes than he did exercising his larynx, and thus got fired.

But the version I'm sure is correct involves a long hatpin and the bellows of the old church pump organ. It seems Groucho punctured the bellows.

It was an important incident in his life, since Minnie now was convinced her son could sing professionally. It wasn't long after that she sent him hustling to see a man named Le May about a job for a boy soprano in a trio that was planning to tour the country.

In brief, Groucho won out in competition with two dozen other aspirants, and thus began his professional career as an entertainer. His pay was $4 a week.

I'll not attempt to describe the life he led on the road, since I wasn't along and don't know what happened anyway. Sufficient to say that he lost his job when the trio reached Denver. Two causes were responsible for the dismissal: Mr. Le May couldn't pay his salary, and Groucho's voice changed from soprano to a leaky baritone.

TODAY, THERE isn't much that passes that Groucho doesn't instantly understand and comment upon. He has an instinctive knowledge of current events, politics, philosophy, and economics. He interprets these things in his own way. Others do this too; the difference lies in the frequency of Groucho's opinions and his lack of inhibitions about voicing them.

About the only world he does not understand is the world of mechanics. His lack of feeling for things mechanical could easily have wiped out the Marx Brothers during one of our early Broadway shows. The action called for use of a large pistol in the hands of Groucho. That was a mistake.

Groucho had been assigned the job of acquiring some blank cartridges for the pistol. What he bought were some that didn't quite fit. So he carefully tapped them into the pistol with a hammer.

Even at that, all went well until Groucho pressed the trigger to fire the last cartridge. But that blank was not blank. It contained a real bullet which traveled an amazingly circuitous course through the scenery, the drapes, my theatrical trunk, and the left leg of the trousers I

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had neatly packed within. You can imagine the relief with which I tell this story, for Groucho had been aiming the pistol at me!

Perhaps I'd better take advantage of this opportunity to clear up the details of how I joined Groucho and Gummo on the stage. I've read many accounts of this, but here are the facts.

I was a bellhop at the Hotel Seville in New York, while Groucho and Gummo were out in the hinterlands singing and acting. Mother liked to keep her brood together so she could maintain a motherly vigil, and this she found difficult to do with the three boys scattered.

One day she appeared at the Seville in a taxicab. She collared me, dragged me to the cab, took me to the small theater where Groucho and Gummo were appearing, and literally shoved me on the stage.

Naturally I had no experience, no instructions, only a sense of complete confusion. But I stood there, dumb as a telephone pole, while Groucho and Gummo adlibbed me into the act.

Among the many later successes we enjoyed on Broadway, I think we had the most fun in *I'll Say She Is*, our first big show. Its "Napoleon" scene is considered, within the family, to be the funniest we've ever done.

Groucho, as "Napoleon," is bidding farewell to Josephine. He is dressed in a tricorne hat, a frock coat bearing epaulets the size of cantaloupes, hip boots, and a sword that trips him with every step. He takes the lovely Josephine in his arms, and utters one of the theater's now-classic lines: "Jo, your eyes are shining like the seat of a blue serge suit!"

With that he departs, and the rest of us, Josie's lovers, come out from beneath the sofa, behind the drapes, and down from the chandelier. There is a noise, and the lovers spring back into their hiding places. Groucho, tripping on his sword as he re-enters, suspects a slight case of infidelity in his wife.

"Jo," he says, "you are as true as a three-dollar cornet."

From the window comes the sound of martial music. "Ah," says Groucho, "the *Mayonnaise!* The Army must be dressing."

"I am true to the French Army," says Josephine.

"Thank Heavens," says Groucho, "we have no Navy!"

And again he departs. And again the lovers come from their hiding places. And again Groucho returns to the boudoir of his beloved. And again he's suspicious.

Snuffbox in hand, Groucho makes a tour of the room, dusting lightly as he goes. From behind the sofa comes a violent sneeze. From behind the drapes, a volcanic eruption. From the closet, a hideous moaning and groaning.

At this point, I come up from beneath the sofa, wearing a gas mask, as Groucho, in a high soprano voice, sings: "Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

To select Groucho's funniest single line on Broadway is a difficult assignment, even for Groucho. In the family, we have a number of favorites.

In *The Cocoanuts*, for example, I am center stage, playing my harp. The lights are dimmed except for a soft spot on me. The audience is

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quiet. The mood is perfect. Softly I play. Still softer. Still more softly.

At this point, Groucho's inimitable voice interrupts like a cannon shot from the wings. "Softer! I can still hear you!"

Then there's the one from *A Day at the Races*. Groucho is a quack doctor and in the course of a party he decides to give me an examination. As I lie flat on my back, asleep, he takes my hand, feels the pulse, listens professionally to my heart, looks at his watch, and says: "Either my watch has stopped, or you're dead."

Now I'd like to tell you about My Brother's mustache. Originally, in his character as Groucho the Madman, it was painted on. Then he went into his radio show, "You Bet Your Life." Producers of that show, principally his partner John Guedel, convinced him the public expected Groucho Marx to wear a mustache. So Groucho, for the first time in his life, grew a mustache. This was fine, except that his pretty young wife Kay objected strenuously.

"When you kiss me," she complained, "it's like kissing a Fuller brush. That . . . *thing* . . . has got to come off." And off it came.

Guedel and the public screamed. So back came the mustache. Kay screamed. Off came the mustache.

This off-and-on dilemma lasted for 13 months. Finally Groucho gave in. He kept his mustache.

When the average American thinks of Groucho, he pictures him chasing a voluptuous blonde, bilking a gullible dowager, racing in that hilarious slinking crouch from one slightly fraudulent experience to another.

Groucho with a real mustache is a new character. The new Groucho is actually the real Groucho, more sensible, wittier, warmer, and more believable.

Actually, the Madman character that millions of stage and picture fans know is an imaginary character who needs three other imaginary characters to give him substance. The Marx Brothers, as a complete unit, are no more. We all feel those days are done, and each is going his separate way.

So far, Groucho has done extremely well alone. His radio show, "You Bet Your Life," sponsored by De Soto-Plymouth, is one of the most successful on the air. Here's how he conducts it.

Picture a simple, uncluttered stage, in the center a high stool with a music rack alongside. The microphones stand a few feet away. Groucho, usually dressed in sport shirt and slacks, loafs on the stool, cigar in hand, twinkle in his eye. His contestants stand opposite him, nervous, smiling, and frightened.

Groucho never sees them until he meets them for the first time on the air. His staff goes through the audience finding housewives, plumbers, carpenters, doctors, grocers, butchers, and everyday people whose occupations might provide fuel for his trigger brain. And though he's talked to more than 700 people on the air in 118 programs, he has yet to have a bad show.

ONE OF GROUCHO'S pet hobbies through the years has been baseball, and several nights a week during the season will find him rooting for his favorite team, the Hollywood Stars. But his interest

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in the game once led to a humiliating experience.

When we took our shows on the road, we always had a company baseball team, made up of ourselves and the actors we engaged. Wherever we went, we challenged local teams. We met our comeuppance in San Diego, California.

Our opponents were a team of theater ushers that had been mopping up everything in a winter semipro league. We, being from the big town, took it for granted we could easily handle anything west of the Hudson.

As the game began, we noticed the huge size of the ushers, but gave little thought to it. As things turned out, we should have.

Groucho took his station at shortstop, Gummo was on first base, Chico covered third, and I scampered about in center field. The first usher took his stance at bat, looked at the left-field fence, and announced: "I think I'll put the ball over that one." And he did.

The second usher tapped his bat professionally against his shoes, adjusted his cap, and announced: "I think I'll put this one over the right-field fence."

This fellow was an awful liar, though. He put it over the centerfield fence.

At the end of the first inning, the score stood: Marx Brothers, 0; San Diego Ushers, 30.

What had happened? Well, the Marx Brothers had been taken for a colossal gag. We were playing practically the entire first team of the New York Giants!

But usually the gag is the other way around. Just recently, Groucho and I were in the Hollywood Brown Derby when a cheery little old lady, her white hair curled in ringlets, approached us, autograph book in hand. Looking squarely at Groucho, she boldly asked: "Are you Harpo Marx?"

Groucho looked at her a moment and raised an eyebrow.

"No," he replied. "Are you?"

Cartoon Quotes

Father to small son: "Never mind how I first met your mother—just don't go around whistling!" —J. MONAHAN

Young doctor to gorgeous girl friend: "I can't afford diamonds or mink, darling—I'd like to take out your appendix free of charge." —PHILADELPHIA *Inquirer Magazine*

By George, It's Tom! (Answers to quiz on page 129)
1. TOMcat; 2. TrOMbone; 3. TOpMost; 4. TacOMa; 5. TOMbstone; 6. ThermOMeter; 7. TOastMaster; 8. TOMahawk; 9. ToilsOMe; 10. TOurnaMent; 11. TOMfoolery; 12. ThreesOMe; 13. TOwnsMan; 14. TrOublesoMe; 15. TOMorrow; 16. TherefrOM; 17. TOxeMia; 18. TOteM; 19. TrigOnoMetry; 20. TOrMent.

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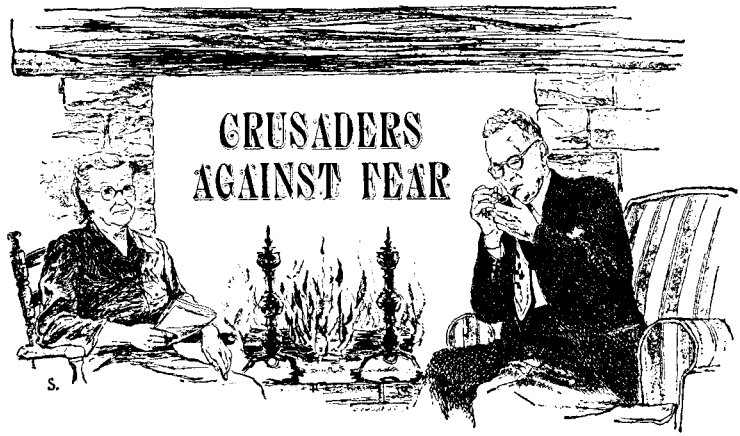

by ANN FIELDS

How faith, courage, and a great love saved two "lost people" from a living death

MANY PEOPLE have heard the strange and poignant story of the Hornbostels. The couple made headlines a few years ago when Gertrude Hornbostel, as a result of more than three years in the Japanese concentration camp at Santa Tomas, was stricken with the most dread of all diseases—leprosy. High drama was added by the announcement of her husband, Maj. Hans Hornbostel, survivor of the Bataan Death March: "I am going to the Carville Leprosarium to live with my wife."

Conditioned by centuries of suspicion and horror of the disease, most people regarded the Hornbostels' entry into the leper colony as the end of life in a normal world, and for weeks "the greatest love story of our time" made heartwarming copy. Then the world forgot the two "lost people."

But the world reckoned without the Hornbostels. To them, the leprosarium was just another challenge in their long fight for a normal, peaceful life. And today, to the amazement of everyone but themselves, Gertude Hornbostel lives fully and well, and says laughingly to the astounded observer: "Well, it's all over now—isn't it?"

The story of how it came to be "all over" is a classic of human courage and determination.

It began back in 1914 when Gertrude van Constenoble was a young girl living on the island of Guam, where her father ran an export company. Among the American soldiers stationed on Guam was Hans G. Hornbostel, a lanky Marine sergeant. For months he found excuses to enter the office to speak to Gertrude. But, being shy, he dared not tell her of his love until one day he stuck his head around a door and blurted: "Gertrude, I care for you!" Then he ran.

The stern German father had no

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intention of letting his daughter marry a soldier, and promptly sent her to his upriver plantation. Before leaving, Gertrude sent a message to Hans to meet her on the bank of the river above the town, two days later.

When Hans reached the rendezvous, he naturally assumed Gertrude would arrive by boat. But the father had seen to it that no such transportation was available. As Hans waited, he saw a lone figure swimming with the current. It came closer, stood up—and Gertrude waded through the muddy flatlands to him.

They were married despite the father's objections; and as the years passed, two daughters, Gertrude and Johanna, and one son, Earl, were born. When World War I broke out, Hornbostel was commissioned a lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps. After the war, he took a job gathering flora and fauna for the Bishop Museum of Honolulu. Eight years later, Hans joined a mining company in the Philippines and the Hornbostels settled down to what they thought was peace and security.

But war clouds dispelled this illusion, and shortly after Pearl Harbor was bombed Hans volunteered for the Army and was commissioned a major. When the Japs overran the Philippines, Gertrude, her two daughters—now grown and married—and a young grandson were trapped at Corregidor. They were taken to the concentration camp at Santa Tomas while Hans started the ill-fated Bataan Death March.

Now began three years of horror for Gertrude. Fearful for the lives of Hans and her son Earl, trying to keep her little grandson alive on scanty rations, she lived each day with terrible patience. Fate was kind to her in one respect. She did not know that Hans lay near death with cerebral malaria in a Jap prison camp. When a doctor who shared duty in both camps told her finally that he thought Hans would live, she almost collapsed.

"I'm glad I didn't know it at the worst," she said. "I could not have borne another worry or fear."

WHEN THE WAR was over, Hans and Gertrude made their way back to San Francisco. He was 64, she 51. Both ill, they entered a hospital to recuperate.

Hans recovered rapidly, but not Gertrude. For months she had been worried by a peculiar skin rash and a strange numbness of the wrist. The final diagnosis confirmed her worst fears—leprosy. And a doctor held out little hope of recovery.

She could think only of the old taboos and superstitions about leprosy handed down from Biblical times. It meant that, for the rest of her life, she must be separated from Hans—and her children. For, by law, she had to be shut off from the world, segregated behind a barbed-wire fence in the Marine Hospital at Carville, Louisiana.

But she reckoned without her husband's love. The whole idea awakened a sickening desperation in the bemedaled Major. Then it was that he made his decision to go with her. Together, they collected all the books they could get their hands on, and set out for Carville—and oblivion.

Gertrude was accepted as a pa-

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tient, but the Major's demands to live inside the leprosarium were refused, although he was allowed to visit her 12 hours a day. After a time, Gertrude bought a cottage on the grounds, and Hans came every morning to spend the day with her. Together they planted a garden, cooked, and most important, began a study of leprosy, or Hansen's disease as it is more properly called today. At night, the Major returned to his room in town.

But always, there was the sense of segregation, the feeling of depression and hopelessness. And above all, there were the contradictions.

The Major couldn't understand why patients were kept behind steel fences when visitors streamed through the institution. He investigated and discovered that although many of the doctors, nurses, and attendants had been in Carville for 15 to 25 years, not one had contracted leprosy.

The practice of permitting a month's vacation twice a year also baffled him. For, according to the rules, such a "vacationer" must agree not to enter a public place, eat in a restaurant, attend a movie, or be in contact with the public.

"What are they supposed to do?" he demanded. "Hang in a tree?"

Soon, the Hornbostels began a crusade to remove the old stigma from leprosy. Gertrude wrote articles for *The Star*, the leprosarium's magazine, and the Major campaigned to get the country talking about leprosy—out in the open.

"There had been national drives to fight heart disease, cancer, tuberculosis, polio, everything on earth," he says today, "but *nobody* would talk about leprosy."

He had seen enough to convince him that leprosy had few of the contagious qualities ascribed to it. And daily now, with the use of sulfone drugs, he watched cases come up six months in a row with negative reports.

"If I had a voice in deciding my own welfare, I would not remain in Carville," Gertrude wrote. "I don't think it is quite fair to keep me here to pamper a superstitious population in its false beliefs, for that is what it amounts to. The excuse for this policy is always: the public demands it . . . but the public has a Stone-Age conception of 'leprosy' as such, and none to speak of, of Hansen's disease as simply another disease."

AFTER THE USE of sulfone drugs proved effective, a few patients were allowed to be discharged. One of the conditions was that the patient get permission from his state health officer to take treatment at home under the supervision of his own doctor.

The magic day finally arrived when Dr. F. A. Johansen, M.O.C., said: "Mrs. Hornbostel has improved to the extent that danger of anyone contracting the disease from her through casual contact is practically nil, and she should continue to improve with proper treatment in her own home."

Like happy children, the Hornbostels began to investigate the possibilities of mingling again with healthy, normal people. Then the blow fell: there were only two states that would accept them—even with their "medical" discharge. These were New York and Massachusetts.

To their great delight, however,

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Dr. Robert F. Korns, in charge of the New York government agency for communicable disease control, said quietly: "We have no restrictions in our public-health law referring to Hansen's disease. We have no objection to Mrs. Hornbostel's coming to New York State."

Through Gertrude's brother, the Hornbostels secured a cottage in North Bellmore, Long Island, and today, with their two Scotties, their flowers, trees, and neighbors, it is hard to find two happier people. The free and easy acceptance of them in North Bellmore was like sunshine after rain.

But to the rest of the world, the Hornbostels were once again front-page copy. And, to their dismay, the emphasis was entirely on their great love story, not on the greater cause for which they were fighting.

Finally, however, the emphasis shifted from their personal drama to the problem of the incarceration of hundreds of other harmless victims. The New York *Times* ran articles covering the entire subject of leprosy and the new sulfone treatment. Then radio programs took up the campaign to lessen public fear of the ancient malady.

Today, there is great happiness in the white cottage at North Bellmore. There is a feeling of permanence and of belonging, plus the satisfaction of performing a useful service in the fight against leprosy.

The Hornbostels are intelligent, witty, and gay. She, life-tempered and mellow, bears no scars of the disease. Of average height, with gray hair and penetrating eyes, she works in her garden, studies, reads, and lectures to aid the unfortunates at Carville. The Major, tall and erect, seems to increase in vitality with the passing years. He is 69 now, but he looks like a man of 55.

Together, these two people continue their vigorous crusade, accepting invitations to speak, to write when they can, to give innumerable interviews; and from them, audiences are gaining a new and enlightened concept of the whole problem of leprosy. United by their devotion to a cause, the Hornbostels have found in their little cottage the useful and happy existence for which they were born.

Hearts and Flowers

CUPID DOESN'T always shoot you with an arrow. Sometimes he sneaks up and stabs you in the back. —ED GARDNER

A YOUNG man-about-town in Washington, D. C., objecting to the promissory sentiments expressed on Valentine greetings shown him by a department-store clerk, remarked: "I don't want to marry the girl. I just want to say hello." —CHICAGO *Sun-Times*

EVERY VALENTINE'S DAY I get down on my knees and propose to Ida all over again. Only when I get down now I don't say, "I love you," any more. I just say, "Help me up." —EDDIE CANTOR

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THE BEST IN BOOKS

Coronet Selects:

RIVER OF THE SUN, by James Ramsey Ullman (*Lippincott*).

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE few unmapped places left on the face of the earth, the imagination clings obstinately to the belief that somewhere there are still remote areas that have eluded man's prying eyes. That belief finds expression in this fine adventure yarn about a mysterious river that flows unseen through the heart of the Amazon jungle. Mr. Ullman sends his plane pilot (and the reader) on a quest for the river, an adventure played out against a background of equatorial storms, creatures that cry in the night, and the dank immensity of the jungle.

It makes a tingling, suspenseful safari of the kind no one is ever too old to share. For its pace, color, and sheer excitement, this is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

ROMMEL, THE DESERT FOX

by Desmond Young (*Harper & Bros.*)

IN WORLD WAR I, the Germans produced a legendary figure in Count Luckner. In World War II, they produced another in Rommel, the Desert Fox, who tried to conquer the Middle East *against orders*, and inspired so healthy a respect for his prowess that British officers were instructed not to credit him with supernatural powers.

This biography of Rommel, by a British brigadier he once captured, presents him as a soldier first and last, and a Nazi hardly at all. Hitler never trusted Rommel, and finally ordered him to commit suicide, which Rommel, as a good soldier, promptly did.

The Rommel legend was strange enough. This book shows the man behind it to have been stranger still.

JACKSON MAHAFFEY

by Fred E. Ross (*Houghton Mifflin*).

IT ISN'T EVERY DAY that a writer creates a character who lingers longer in memory than the story in which he appears. Such a fellow is Jackson Mahaffey, the raffish hero of this tale.

Mahaffey was a smooth-talking, fast-thinking North Carolinian who could outsmart anyone in the state at anything from cock-fighting to mule-trading. It wasn't till he tried to marry handsome Molly Burns that he met his match. The course of his roller-coaster courtship and his baptism in local politics gives this story the kick of moonshine. With his first novel, Mr. Ross has produced that rare combination: a galloping, authentically American story, sparked by one of the most rambunctious heroes since Paul Bunyan.

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(Advertisement)
An educational advertisement of interest to all women

What Every Woman Should Know About Tampons

by

OLIVE CRENNING

Special Representative to the Nursing Profession

"*Is it really safe to use tampons?*" The young woman in my office echoed the question of women everywhere who have heard of the new freedom, the self-assurance, the poise that comes from using this modern, internal method of sanitary protection.

Here are the facts: *A recent national survey of 900 leading gynecologists and obstetricians indicates that medical specialists overwhelmingly find tampons safe for normal women.*

In the few years since they have been on the consumer market, tampons have proved to be the most important news in sanitary protection yet discovered. Invented by a physician and originally used in medical practice, tampons are regularly worn by thousands of registered nurses. As one woman tells another, the safety and convenience of tampons have resulted in a rapidly growing popularity, backed by medical approval.

Tampons completely eliminate the need for sanitary belts, because they are worn internally and invisibly. There is no possibility of odor which forms only on contact with air. Bothersome chafing and uncomfortable bulk are eliminated. The woman who uses tampons can swim, bathe, and shower in perfect safety (provided the water is not too cold), and there is no revealing line.

For the young, unmarried girl, tampons offer the same reassuring, safe protection. Medical literature shows that no change in physical structure is involved when a single girl wears tampons. College girls, with a knowledge of anatomy and biology, form one of the largest groups of tampon users because they realize the feasibility of the tampon principle. They find that the comfort and freedom from embarrassment materially eases the problems of menstruation.

The better tampons, like Meds, are made of soft, highly absorbent, surgical cotton, are individually wrapped for extra protection. They are quicker and easier to use because each has its own improved applicator—and to meet individual needs, Meds come in junior, regular and super sizes.

If you would like to try tampons, write for a free sample of Meds in a plain wrapper. Indicate the size you want and address Miss Olive Crenning, Nursing Consultant, Personal Products Corp., Dept. CT-2, Milltown, N. J. (Only one sample to a family, U. S. only.)

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Father Was a Saint

by EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN

Here is a daughter's simple tribute to a man of God who was poor in worldly goods but rich in love and compassion

WHEN I REMEMBER my childhood, it seems to me the sun was always shining. Much of this sunlight streamed from the transparent spirit of my father, a gentle, white-haired country preacher.

He was a horse-and-buggy man, preferring a world which allowed an hour for dinner and time to meditate in a summer twilight. He loved to jog along a country road behind Queenie or Bess, smelling the sweet fern and pine, while he sorted out the headings of next Sunday's sermon.

He never learned to feel at home in an automobile. He bought one when he was 60 years old but, left alone in the car for the first time, he took firm hold on the wheel and drove straight through the rear wall of the garage.

He was not surprised at this, for he always humbly accepted the malice of objects toward him. Dishes knocked themselves off the table when he sat down to eat; roofs which he had just patched began to leak again; eggs dropped on the way home from the grocery. He was almost incapable of anger at another human being but he could be severe with chairs, demanding of the furniture over which he had tripped, "My sake, what are you doing there?"

The objects were not entirely to blame, since his was a truly formidable absent-mindedness. Once a story delightedly went the rounds of his congregation to the effect that he had walked up to a man and said cheerily, "And how is your wife today, Mr. B.?"—only to be greeted with the startled answer, "Why, you buried her yesterday!"

But this story, I am sure, was apocryphal, for he could never have caused anyone pain, even in absent-mindedness. Compassion was the lodestar of his being. Wherever he went, a kind of osmosis warned him of the whereabouts of the sick and troubled.

"While I was visiting at Brother Grant's," he wrote Mother, "I heard about an old lady living a mile down the road who had a stroke. I walked to see her and she told me about another woman two miles farther on who was crippled with arthritis." And so the chronicle continued until he had covered some six miles on foot on a hot

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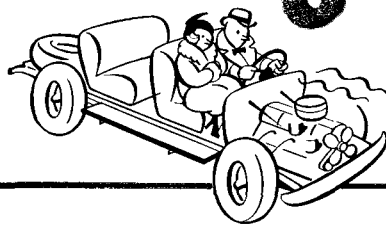
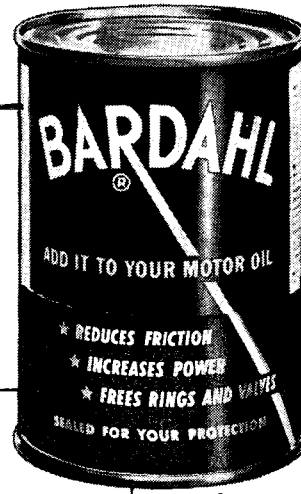
Hey! Don't let that engine START NAKED in weather like this!





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Whenever you come to Britain this year, you'll sense a gala spirit in the air.

For this is "Festival of Britain Year" . . . and we are celebrating with a year-round, countrywide program of fairs, festivals, fetes, and exhibitions! There's never been so much to see and do in Britain, so much pageantry, color, and excitement!

You'll find, too, abounding comfort in Britain now . . . with food (including famous British delicacies) plentiful . . . with gasoline unrationed and with shops well-stocked. You'll be delighted to see how "fair value" and favorable exchange will give you a real *holiday from high prices!*

So don't delay! Start planning early . . . to come to friendly, hospitable Britain in Festival Year for the time of your life!

Whenever you come . . . wherever you go . . . you'll find more than ever to see and do!

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Beauty bids you welcome to Wales . . . land of song and legend.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT . . . and start planning your visit *now!* Ask him for illustrated literature, giving full details of Festival Year. Or write BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE, 336 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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DELIGHT IN SPORTS AND PAGEANTRY, for this year there's extra glitter to our traditional ceremonies, extra excitement to our world-famous sporting events.

SPRING COMES TO BRITAIN EARLY . . . WHY DON'T YOU?

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afternoon and visited five total strangers!

"They were glad to see me," he concluded simply.

I am sure they were, because he was too humble to try to make people over. He wanted only to walk along with them a little way. And he was a wonderful listener, for his concern with other people's problems was as real as though they were his own.

"Well, well, you don't say!" he would cry while listening to an account of the progress of someone's garden, or the trouble another was having with hives or indigestion. "My sake, who would have thought that could happen?"

Sometimes his eager small-boy curiosity got him into trouble. When I was a little girl, we heard that a newcomer in town was putting up a "mansion" down by the river and he felt he ought to go and see it. Taking one of us by each hand, he started off.

The "mansion" was indeed imposing, having as many as 14 rooms and a cupola on the top. Also, it appeared to be almost finished and there was no one around at all.

Father wrestled with his conscience. Everyone knew that it was entirely proper to wander in and out of a house in process of construction. But could the words be applied to this house, complete even to its cupola?

Still, there was no glass in the windows—and it was such a magnificent house. In the end we were hoisted in and he followed. All went well until the moment of departure. We had just been deposited on the ground and he was in process of following, the ministerial body just halfway through the window, when he heard an angry bellow.

"Come on, get out of there!" said the voice. "What do you think you're doing in my house?"

Although momentarily alarming, this was not a large problem for my father, who always expected to be friends with everyone. The owner of the house turned out to be a Baptist, and a gardener whose turnips were not doing as well as my father's. So in the end he drove us home and spent the rest of the afternoon in the parsonage garden.

INCAPABLE OF FALSEHOOD, my father could not be trusted with the smallest social lie. "I did not do very well," he wrote Mother after preaching in a strange church. "I don't think it was a very good sermon. But I did the best I could."

Tall, slight, a little stooped, with blue eyes and a slender, sensitive face, he looked, people thought, like a saint. But he thought of himself as very sinful, and if to be a saint is to despise the good things of this earth, he could not qualify.

Laughter was one of his greatest gifts, and the smallest and oldest joke delighted him. Music, too, he loved. On Sunday nights after church, we all gathered around the piano while Mother played and they both sang, she in a clear high soprano, he in a sweet soaring tenor.

He had one vanity—his garden. "Everyone thinks our garden is something wonderful," he wrote to me. "People bring their company to see it. Deacon Smith was here last Monday and he brought some people visiting him from the West, just to look at my beans."

He loved good food. He would

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not drink tea or coffee, holding that they were stimulants, but the first peas of the season, a fresh-caught mackerel, Mother's new-baked bread, were delights to be anticipated from breakfast to dinner, and he could be counted on to come in throughout the afternoon to find out what there was for supper.

He was not an original thinker and he took his theology without much questioning. Yet modern thought never alarmed or angered him. When I was 14, thinking to shock my parents with my great intellectual discoveries, I walked in to breakfast and dramatically announced, "I'm sorry, but I must tell you that I don't believe in God any more."

The bomb did not explode. Father finished pouring cream on his cereal and then he looked up with twinkling eyes. "Don't worry," he said. "You'll get over it as soon as you're grown-up. We've all had it to go through sometime or other."

It was well that little things meant so much to him, for in his whole life he never had any money for amusement. He went to college nine years and worked his way through every day of it. He finished at 33, owing no man anything but owning nothing either.

His first church gave him a salary of $300 a year, and he never earned more than $1,500 annually in his life. Yet, with his patient self-denial and my mother's fierce pride, I was somehow put through college, and there was always money to give to those who needed it.

He tried to spread our meager funds by asking nothing for himself. "If you want a coat," he would say to Mother, "you must have it. We will find the money somewhere to pay for it."

The somewhere would finally be a visit to the church clerk to try to collect overdue salary. He would start off unhappily and come back usually with nothing, shaking his head in much concern over the failure of Brother Carey's lobster traps or the illness of Brother Snow's mother-in-law.

But although he had brought back no money, he would always say vigorously, "You get that coat. If you want it, you must have it. There will be some way provided."

Then, after a minute, he would brighten up, the "some way" having occurred to him. "There is no need for me to get a new Prince Albert," he would say, referring to the long coat in which he preached and which was always going to be replaced. "The old one will do quite well, and then you could have your coat."

His disposition was so sunny that we thought of him as being always happy, but I am often haunted now by the memory of the dark shadows in his eyes when he thought he was alone. Near the end of his ministry, I was there to see the full panoply of his courage.

It was a day like any other day. He had walked down for the mail at noon and then came home and

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dressed for a parsonage wedding. The bride and groom were awkward country people. As always, he was very patient with them and, as always, he read the services in the beautiful voice which distinguished even the least of his sermons. As always, too, he made jokes about who was going to be boss and, as always, he gave Mother the $5 wedding fee.

When the bride and groom had gone, the house filled up at once with company, the kind of company which is indigenous to the country parsonage—people who are just driving by, parishioners in town shopping, emissaries from the Ladies' Aid. He told his best jokes over and over again, and heard all the details of the baby's colic and how the drought was ruining the potato crop.

Only when he had seen the last guest off with a warm handshake did he turn to Mother and, his voice now suddenly gone, silently hand her the letter he had brought home from the mail.

"A Christian gentleman"—said the letter "—a devoted pastor—but the church feels a younger man"—

They both knew it was the end, but when Mother ran to him crying her pity and love, he smiled down at her and promised her that there would be a better church and a bigger one.

He died quietly a few years later, so quietly that nothing marred the serenity of his face. On his desk after the funeral I found the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions." It was not there for our comfort. It was part of a sermon preached long ago for someone else's grief.

But it was appropriate and right, for I am sure that God had forgiven his reluctance to leave the good things of earth and welcomed him home to his Father's house.

The Distaff Side

It doesn't matter whether a man is a man or a mouse. In the end some cat usually gets him. —EDYTHE SORN

A bachelor never quite gets over the idea that he is a thing of beauty and a boy forever. —HELEN ROWLAND

Word to the wives: the best way to get your husband to give up golf is to play with him every day. —*Mutual Moments*

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and his wife smiles, and lets it go at that. —JAMES BARRIE

A man's body is remarkably sensitive. Pat him on the back and his head swells. —*The Gas Flame, Indianapolis*

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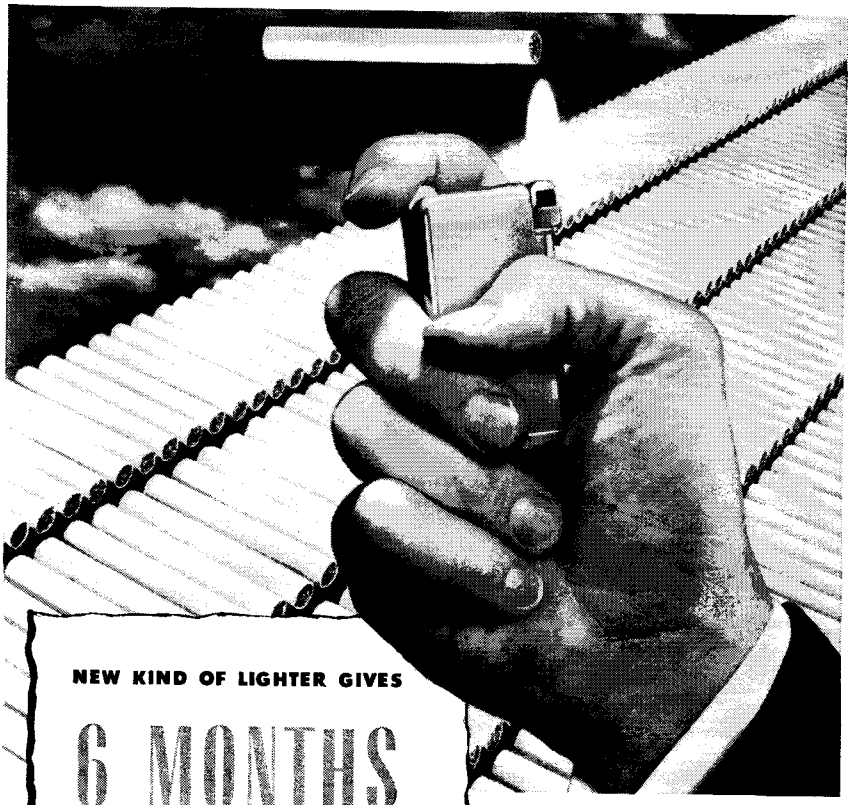

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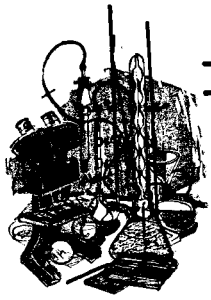

THE MARCH OF MEDICINE

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

Unlocking the Eye's Secrets

IN ANCIENT TIMES, men called the eye the window of the body and soul. Modern scientists agree, since the eye reacts even to minor physical changes. For example, spasms of the tiny blood vessels of the retina are often a first sign of high blood pressure. Similar slight changes in the eye frequently precede hardening of the arteries, diabetes, kidney diseases, and tumors of the central nervous system.

Until now, science has lacked the tools to unlock many of the eye's secrets. Now a new high-speed camera probes the inside of the eye. Developed by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, it takes faster-than-a-wink photos of the retina, nerve fibers, and other microscopic elements. These pictures then become a permanent record, like X rays, for doctors to detect diseases and to watch the progress after treatment has been made.

Hormone Helps Make Men

RIDICULE AND SCORN often are heaped upon adolescent boys who fail to develop as rapidly as their classmates. In sensitive youngsters, these experiences may leave deep wounds throughout life.

Drs. Hans Lisser and Gilbert S. Gordan of the University of California School of Medicine recently decided to try to "make men" of youngsters physically and sexually below normal. They assembled 56 undersized and immature teenagers and administered a synthetic male hormone, methyl testosterone. The boys grew an average of 3¾ inches in one year, gained 18 pounds, and markedly increased in vigor and virility. The doctors now recommend the treatment for youngsters who are ridiculed about their late development.

Mother's Milk vs. Polio

IN THE CANADIAN ARCTIC, a polio epidemic swept an isolated group of 275 Eskimos. It paralyzed more than 57 and killed 14. Although it felled nursing mothers, it failed to affect the babies.

This fact intrigued researchers of the Children's Hospital, Cincinnati, seeking to learn why polio was virtually unknown in some regions of the world and widespread in others. Does prolonged breast feeding, practiced in many countries, reduce polio's incidence?

The scientists took milk from 30 new mothers and injected it into

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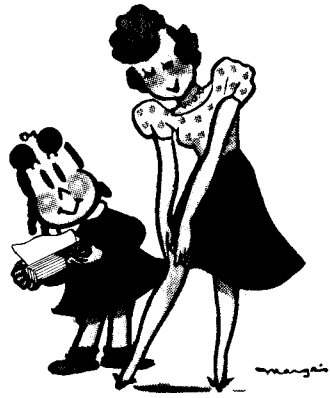
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

What's best for removing lipstick?

☐ *A towel* ☐ *A tissue* ☐ *A Kleenex tissue*

Why should your towels take spot luck? See how gently a Kleenex tissue smooths away lipstick. Soft as a kiss, with just the right strength to "off" the stubbornest smear. Kleenex is not like ordinary tissues. Saves trouble, laundry bills.



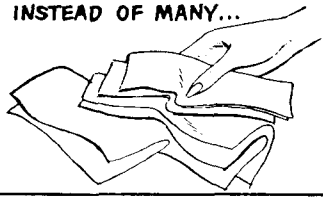
To help stockings last longer—

☐ *Lady, be seated* ☐ *Wear round garters*

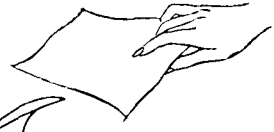
Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

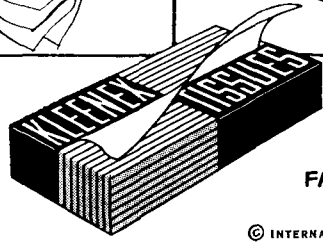
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

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mice, along with the polio virus. They found an anti-polio factor in every sample of milk taken from mothers within two to five days after giving birth. Up to 11 months after giving birth, the milk of three out of four mothers contains this substance.

The researchers now seek to discover what the anti-polio substance is. Once this is known, it may be developed in forms to protect the entire population from the disease.

Aid for Angina

THE PAIN of angina pectoris—caused by a tightening of the arteries which feed blood to the heart—is perhaps the severest known to man.

Drs. Harold L. Osher and Kermit H. Katz of the Boston City Hospital assembled a group of 28 angina sufferers, including 13 patients unable to work because even slight exertion caused unbearable pain. To the group, the doctors administered khellin, an Egyptian weed used to treat colic.

All but three patients found that the treatments relaxed the arteries and permitted more strenuous exercise, without ill effects. Soon, eight patients were back at work.

Counter Irritation

"WHAT IF I *can* play records for two hours on this machine without getting out of my chair?" the hard-to-please customer demanded. "Supposing I go to sleep, what happens?"

"On the record-changer itself," blandly explained the salesman, "there is an extra button which you press, and at the end of your concert an alarm clock goes off." —*Christian Science Monitor*

STROLLING OBSERVANTLY down the aisle, the manager overheard a clerk say to a customer, "No, madam, we haven't had any for a long time."

"Oh yes, we have," interrupted the manager. "I'll send to the warehouse immediately and have some brought over for you."

The customer looked startled, then burst out laughing and walked out of the store. The manager reprimanded the clerk. "Never refuse anything," he said. "Always send out for it. What did the lady want?"

"She just remarked," explained the clerk, "that we hadn't had any rain lately." —*Auburn Plainsman*

"WHAT'S THE IDEA?" the woman demanded angrily of the man at the meat counter. "I found pieces of rubber in that last pound of hamburger you sent me!"

"I'm sorry, madam," he apologized with a shrug, "but I guess it's just another instance of how the automobile is replacing the horse."

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Life Girdles from $8.50

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What Do We Know?

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

WHEN I WAS A BOY in college, the greatest man on the campus and in the community was that wizard of electricity, Charles P. Steinmetz. Frail, deformed, an exile from his native Germany, he had about him the indefinable air of elemental genius. He was as gentle and guileless as a child.

His extraordinary naïveté may be judged from the legend that the great General Electric Company paid him no salary. It arranged with the bank to let him have whatever money he asked for at any time. So vital was he to the Company that his absence for a day would slow down the whole research staff of the company.

It was my privilege to know him well. One day the front pages of all the newspapers were ablaze with the announcement of one of his thrilling achievements in the field of electricity. On a visit to him at the time, I ventured to call his attention to the compliments being paid to his genius and his world-wide fame.

Quizzically and inscrutably, with his deep-set mystic eyes, he looked at me for a moment. Then he said simply, "Archie, boy, we know nothing."

That saying forever slew sophistication for me, while making the acceptance of mystery easy and natural. For him, one of the truly great men of his time, wonder had a legitimate place in life.

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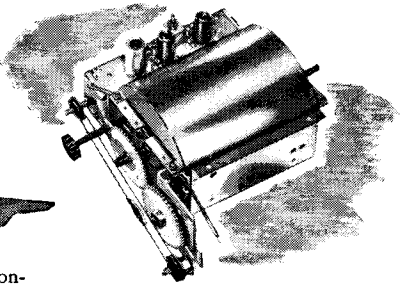
WHY You Can Operate Zenith TV from Your Easy Chair

THIS MIRACLE TURRET TUNER IS THE SECRET...and only Zenith has it!



You press Zenith's Lazy Bones Remote Control lightly with your thumb, and change programs one after another! This remote control is possible because Zenith's Turret Tuner is truly a miracle of automatic precision and stability!

Yes, *all* the necessary adjustments are made for you automatically, all at one time . . . and this tuner is so heavy—so sturdy—that even years of constant use will not cause its contacts to lose their precision and let the picture drift and fade! What's more, *no other tuner* is so easily adapted to receive the proposed new ultra-high frequencies on present standards, without an external converter!

Only Zenith Has This Turret Tuner

So, before you invest in television, see for yourself that Zenith *is* different from all others. Your Zenith dealer invites you to prove this in your own home, before you buy.

Above, New Zenith® "Aldrich," Console TV. New 165 sq. in. 2-in-1 Screen gives choice of circular or rectangular type pictures. Period cabinet. Mahogany veneers and hardwoods. **$369.95***

**Includes Federal excise tax. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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How About Your Children and the Family Car?

by WILLIAM LAAS

How careful and competent they are as drivers is going to depend largely on you

THE BIG DAY WILL COME this year, as inevitably it must, to some 1,000,000 American families. The boy lingers at the table, toying quietly with dessert—too quietly. Usually by this time he would be dashing off to join his friends. You glance at him sharply. Anything wrong? Not exactly . . .

"Dad," he blurts, "I'm 14 years old and can get a junior license. Can't I learn to drive the car?"

Perhaps the boy is a girl, perhaps state law sets the age at 15 or 17, but the effect is the same. Mother gasps; your match wavers as you light a cigar. That tremor of fear deep inside both of you seems unreasonable, unwarranted, but it's there just the same.

Now you face a real problem. It whisks you back through the years to the moment when Junior took those first wobbling steps outside his play pen. You were afraid he would fall, yet you had to let him try, for learning to walk is part of the process of growing up.

In millions of American families today, so is driving a car. Naturally, the boy or girl gropes for mastery of modern man's method of machine locomotion. And since that day is inevitable, it will be a happier one if you prepare in advance.

You can't say "No" because the refusal won't hold. The boy's urge to drive is too basic to be suppressed by table-banging. He wants the power and freedom, the expansion of personality, that come with control of a car. The purring engine will extend his range, gain him social prestige. You can't blame him; you certainly can't stop him.

Why, then, the fear? Images flit through your mind: a crumpled fender, a smashed radiator . . . or perhaps a lot worse. Traffic seems to be getting heavier day by day. Can you *trust* Junior with the car? Many parents will resignedly say

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FOR THE TUMMY

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"Yes," and hope for the best. However, the only proper reply is, "Yes—but."

"Yes," the conscientious parent answers, "it's time you learned to drive, but if you're grown-up enough to handle a car, you must also be grown-up enough to accept serious responsibilities. You and I will have to talk it over and work out a plan together."

THE PROBLEM of the new driver has existed since the dawn of the Automobile Age, but its urgency has only recently been recognized and met. The mechanics of driving are deceptively easy; young, supple minds and hands often learn in a matter of minutes. The real question is what the youngster will do with the car, once it is in motion.

After World War II, statisticians singled out American youth for an unsavory distinction: drivers under 20, mile for mile, are being blamed for five times as many traffic deaths as their elders from 45 to 50, with the 16-year-olds alone accounting for *nine* times as many!

In 1948, insurance companies took the drastic step of blanketing all drivers under 25 as poor risks. Policyholders now pay an extra $125,000,000 a year for the privilege of letting their children drive. The moment a youngster slides behind the wheel, up goes the premium for protection.

So you, the parent, face a multiple problem when it comes to your children and the family car. If you consent too negligently, the youth unquestionably is in danger of killing someone, perhaps himself. Even if he escapes that extreme, he may upset the family fortunes by the damage he causes. At the least, he is apt to destroy the car.

Yet you know that he will learn to drive—if not from you, then from some more or less trustworthy crony. You can't, however, leave matters of life and death in casual hands. So the teacher had better be you. But how do you go about it?

The first thing is to take stock. Some teen-agers who strew death along the highways are no doubt congenital delinquents, potential criminals. But most of them are ordinary, wholesome youngsters, and the fault is less often theirs than ours. They have never been taught.

The teaching properly begins in early childhood. Just as infants learn to beware of hot stoves and high windows, they can learn to sit quietly in cars and not roughhouse. A healthy respect for danger is a good foundation for the embryo driver.

Police are pretty blunt about blaming parents for teen-age recklessness in cars. Are you really a *good* driver? Our driving habits may get us by, yet be fundamentally unsound. A surprising number of parents will preach safety while, by their own example, imparting the notion that there is no harm in driving home after too many cocktails, or hitting 65 when the police car drops out of sight.

Martin Klein, of the Automobile Club of New York, asserts: "Teaching a young person to drive is a cinch, but teaching him to use a car skillfully and safely is a challenge. At least 85 per cent of it is the youngster's attitude. Has he been brought up to know and respect the rights of others? Is he interested not only in the techniques of handling a vehicle but in the courtesies and

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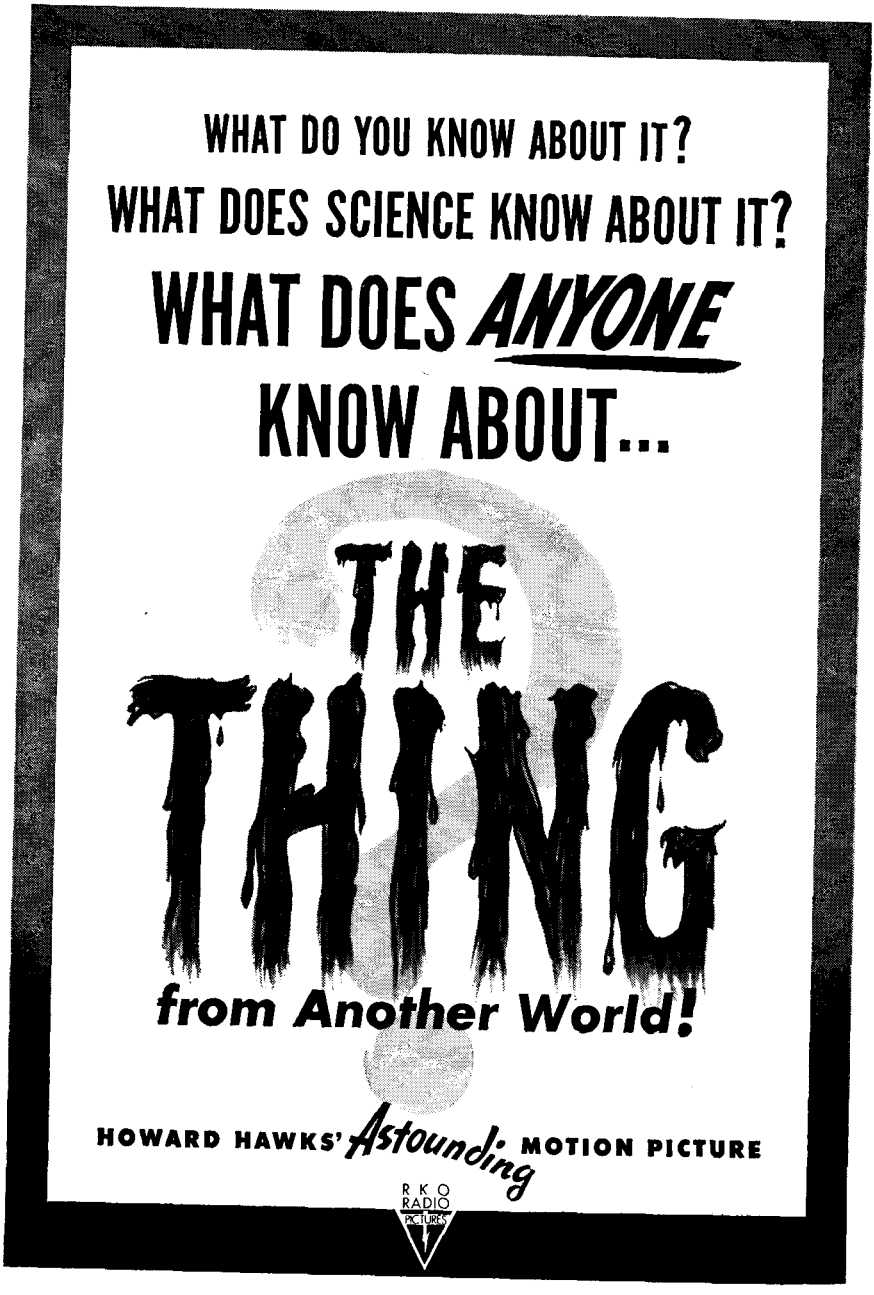
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principles of sportsmanlike behavior in a crowd? The answers go right back to the family."

So to start with, Klein suggests, parent and child should enter into a cooperative understanding. In driving a car, the child will not be gratifying a personal whim, but engaging in a family activity and shouldering social responsibility. Your consent becomes conditional upon proof of his ability to control the car and himself. To attain that degree of adulthood and family confidence is his incentive. If he fails, he should not have the car.

What the young need, in short, is intelligent education. The difference it can make for the child, and for you, is revealed by the score-sheet of the driver-education movement. Back in the '30s, experiments were independently conducted at Columbia University and Pennsylvania State College. The findings of the former were developed into school curricula by the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, and of the latter by the American Automobile Association. To date, they have persuaded 6,191 of the 21,621 U.S. high schools to give regular courses in driving instruction, under specially trained teachers. The results in accident prevention have been phenomenal.

A survey in Cleveland, one of the first cities to adopt the course, proved that trained young drivers had only *half* as many accidents as the untrained. Massachusetts records show that accidents decreased about one-half as the number of courses in driver education increased. Of 1,500 students licensed in Delaware, only one had an accident, only two a brush with the police. Such findings chart a plain course for the parent with a youngster eager to drive. But suppose your local high school is one of the 70 per cent that have not yet adopted the training program? You can agitate for it, of course, but meanwhile, the teaching job will devolve upon you. So, for your edification, here are the recommendations of the experts:

1. Establish an understanding with your youngsters, so that they know you are taking the task seriously. Don't hesitate to deprecate your own abilities as a driver; you expect them to be better than the old man—and why not? In today's traffic, they must be expert from the start, in order to preserve their lives.

2. Send them to a doctor for a thorough physical examination, especially of vision and hearing, reaction time, and any nervous tics or weaknesses in arms or legs. Their eyes should be tested not only on the routine charts, but for unsuspected aberrations such as color blindness, night blindness, and depth perception.

3. Give your car a going-over. To teach anyone to drive in a machine with poor brakes, or one headlight, or a temperamental gear-shift, is not only unsafe but unfair. Let your children discover that cars, like human beings, have their limitations. Gas, iron, and rubber will take just so much punishment, and respond just so fast.

4. Ask your local library for text materials and help the youngsters with their homework. Teachers agree that the study part of driver training is the more important, simply because the actual driving

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HAS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU THESE Intimate Physical Facts?

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YES, AND I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE. ABOUT A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.

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Before your daughter marries, she has every right to know how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), her health, charm, after her periods, for marriage happiness. She should know how very important it is to combat an odor graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she may not detect.

And isn't it wonderful to be able to reassure your daughter that *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is* SO POWERFUL *yet* SAFE *to tissues* as ZONITE. (If you have the slightest doubt about this—send for proof in free booklet below.)

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seems so easy. Good drivers must understand a car's parts, functioning, and mechanical peculiarities, especially its safety equipment. They should also know the traffic regulations, their legal and moral responsibilities, and what might be called the sporting philosophy of driving in traffic.

5. Procure for your children a learner's permit or other license required by law.

6. Having digested the literature, and having tested your children's grasp of it, you are now ready to teach—but take your time. Professionals offer these tips:

Set a good example of courteous and skillful driving, for your youngsters will watch you closely.

Keep practice periods short, not more than 15 minutes or half an hour at the start, and never more than an hour a day.

Concentrate on the one point in each lesson, and eliminate distractions by turning off the radio. Always stay in the car yourself, ready to act in an emergency.

Explain clearly, give simple instructions, and, above all, be tolerant of mistakes. If they don't get the idea today, they may tomorrow.

7. After a few practice and review sessions, ponder carefully whether you now can look calmly out the window when your children are taking turns at the wheel. In all likelihood, they will have no difficulty passing the official test, but that is not enough for you, the parent. You must be satisfied they can drive *well*—and that they have the proper social attitude toward others on the highway.

If they do not, ruthlessly keep them off the road. Otherwise, you will jeopardize their lives, the lives of others, and the economic welfare of your entire family.

The Lincoln Touch

ABRAHAM LINCOLN disliked listening to complacent cut-and-dried sermons. "When I hear a man preach," the President once explained, "I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees."

—BEN FUNK

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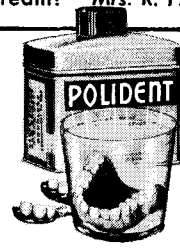

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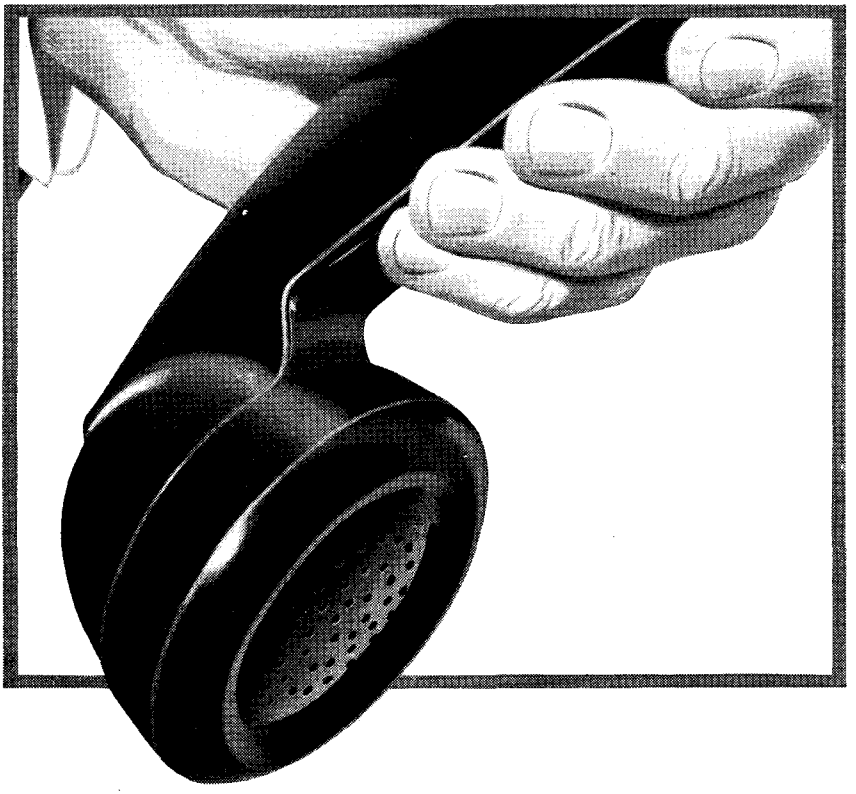

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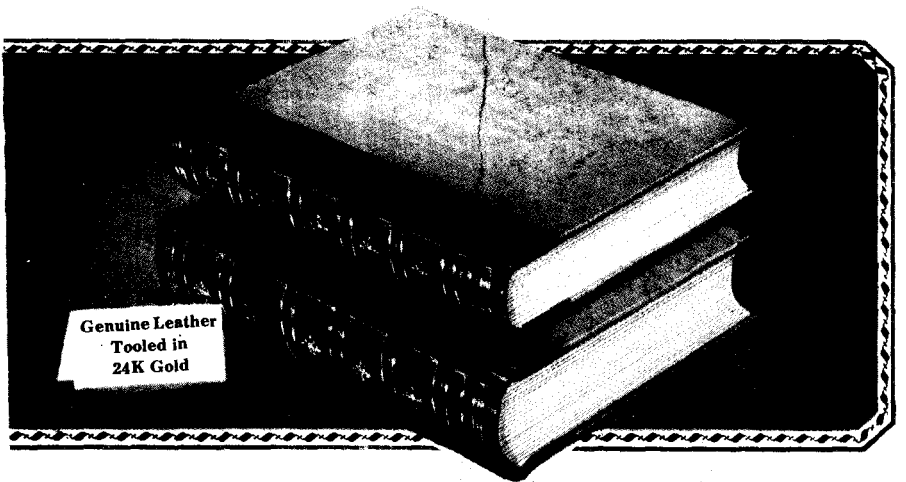

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Carolyn Hollenbeck

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